LOOKING FORWARD

One of the favorite topics of discussion nowadays is the depths to which Congress has fallen, in ability and character, during the last twenty years. It is not necessary to pick out individuals for criticism. Any one can name literally dozens of legislators who "never would be missed." It is only necessary to view the brand of brains displayed in recent discussions of the tariff, the Naval Treaty, the veterans' bill, and the performance of the Senate lobby committee, to be forced to agree that representative government in this country is at the lowest ebb in years.

For this situation wets blame the Anti-Saloon League and its tactics, which in some cases have been little short of blackmail. Drys blame venal political machines which offer advancement only to men willing to do their dirty work in order to get preferment. Business men blame the whole system of political life and its doubtful rewards, because of which few business men can be induced to enter politics. And most everybody else blames the business man himself because he has not sufficient public spirit to enter the lists and give the people a chance to vote for him.

In this issue we find a portrait of a man who cannot be blackmailed, who is not subservient to any political machine, who has enough of the rewards of endeavor to be independent, and who has proved himself sufficiently public spirited to enter the lists in order to give business and the people the kind of representation they want. Is this too eulogistic a description of Dwight W. Morrow, future Senator from New Jersey? We do not think so. Any more than we think Jonathan Mitchell's article upon him in this issue is overdrawn.

The Outlook and Independent hopes that New Jersey will elect Mr. Morrow to the Senate so that the country may have at least one more first rate intelligence in that body to lend strength to the pitifully few good men already in Congress.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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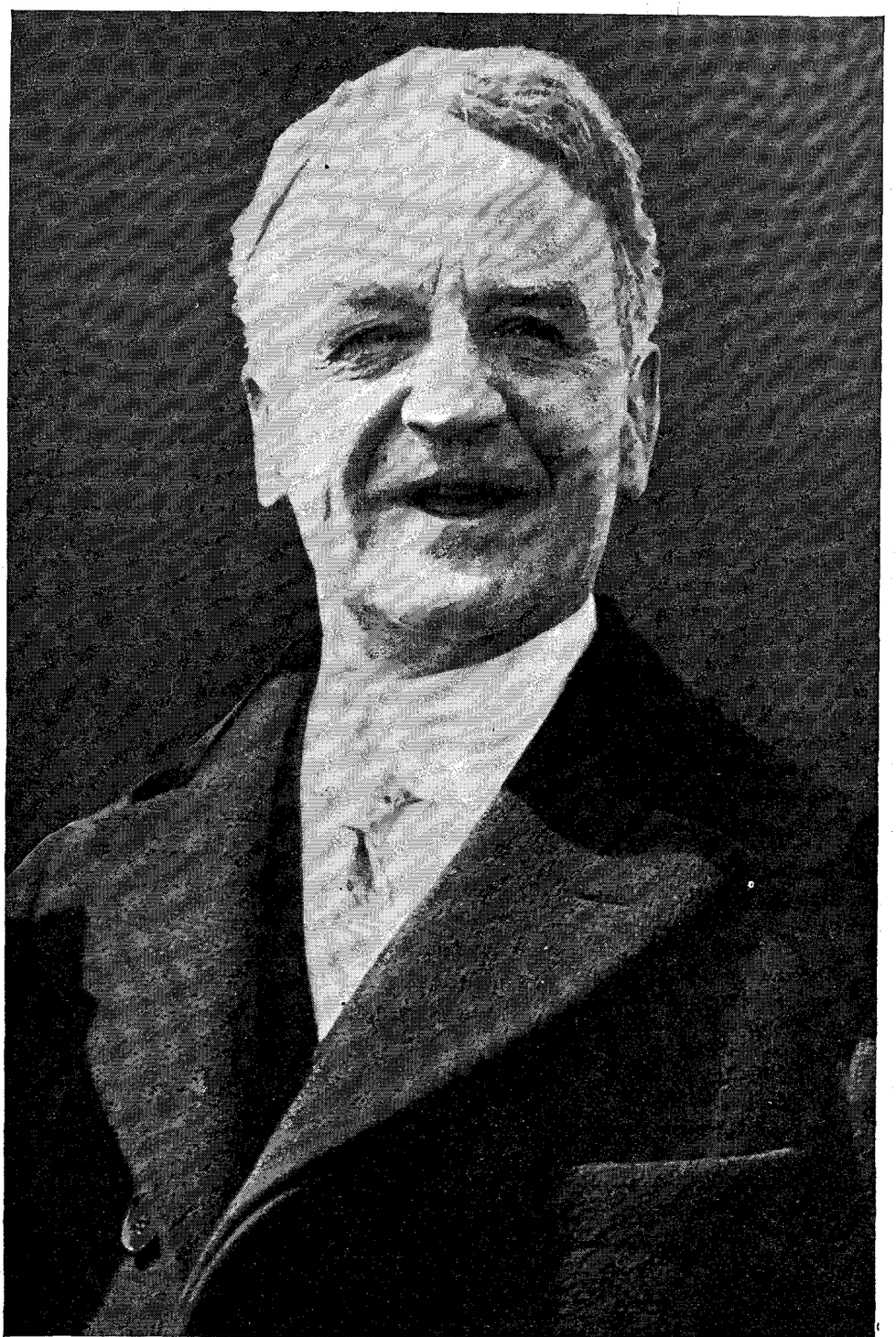

Underwood

DWIGHT W. MORROW

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

July 2, 1930

The Little Giant

Some Notes on Dwight W. Morrow

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

With 250,000 votes more than his nearest opponent in the New Jersey senatorial primary, Mr. Morrow adds another achievement to his long list. Mr. Mitchell presents herewith some notes on Mr. Morrow's talents—and peculiarities. One associate of his banking days insisted that America's most interesting public figure "knows everything, absolutely everything"—"he's the ring-tailed wonder"

ABOUT a month ago, Mr. Morrow inadvertently became a leader of the wets. At the beginning of his campaign for the Republican nomination for Senator from New Jersey, he advocated the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The next day there were editorials in almost every newspaper in the country. This disconcerted Mr. Morrow.

He hadn't intended to stir up fresh controversy. He doesn't enjoy fights. He likes to get people to agree. If the Eighteenth Amendment should be done away with, then each state could decide for itself what it wanted to do about prohibition; whether to keep it or try something else. Prohibition wouldn't be a national issue, politics would be more peaceful.

Three years ago, many responsible people thought that war with Mexico could not long be avoided. Mr. Morrow thinks war is foolish and wasteful. He thinks it is always possible to find a basis of agreement. He went to Mexico City as Ambassador, and today the Mexican government is the best friend and staunchest ally we have.

Last March, the French were on the point of walking out of the London Naval Conference. The British and American delegations had decided the situation was hopeless. They were prepared to see the French go, all except Mr. Morrow. He badgered his own colleagues, and the British, until conversations were reopened. France, instead of leaving the Conference a frightened and suspicious enemy, left as a nominal friend of the two Anglo-Saxon powers.

Dr. John Grier Hibben of Princeton, and ex-Governor Ed Stokes of New Jersey, share the honor of being the original "Morrow-for-President" man. They nominated him, to Mr. Morrow's vast and visible embarrassment, at the same meeting at Trenton, two weeks or so ago. We have had plenty of unique political characters in this country, but no one anything like Dwight Whitney Morrow. "Morrow knows everything, absolutely everything," explained one of his banking associates. "He's the ring-tailed wonder."

MR. MORROW was not discovered by Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Morrow's friends are a little bored with the story that Mr. Coolidge, remembering the days when they were both at Amherst, lifted him from semi-obscurity to make him Ambassador to Mexico. The reverse is more nearly true. In 1920, Mr. Morrow was already an international figure. He had been a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company for six years, had been confidential advisor to General Pershing during the War, and knew every important person in Europe and America.

Mr. Coolidge was then Governor of Massachusetts, and had had a few days of dubious publicity during the Boston police strike. Mr. Frank Stearns, an Amherst trustee, persuaded Mr. Morrow to go to the National Republican Convention at Chicago with him, and there Mr. Coolidge was nominated for Vice-President. When Mr. Coolidge ran for the Presidency in 1924, Mr. Morrow's nephew, Richard Scandrett, raised money for the campaign.

Mr. Morrow is very short of stature. He has a fine head, an enormous forehead, gray-blue eyes, and a wide, kindly mouth. He is one of the few small men, apparently, who has never tried to identify himself with Napoleon Bonaparte. He is an intense admirer of M. Aristide Briand, the ablest negotiator and peace-maker of Europe. Mr. Morrow brought back an inscribed photograph of M. Briand from the London Conference, and shows it to visitors.

MR. MORROW'S general sloppiness in appearance fascinates every one who meets him. People who have known him for years still talk about it. It isn't merely that his clothes do not fit him; they look as if they belonged to some one else entirely, and Mr. Morrow, because his luggage hadn't arrived, or because he had just fallen in a river, or because of some other catastrophe, had temporarily borrowed them. Several years ago, Mr. Morrow received an honorary degree from Harvard, and a photograph was taken of the academic procession. It shows Mr. Morrow beside President E. M. Hopkins of Dartmouth, who is very elegant in formal dress and boutonniere. Mr. Morrow it shows wrapped in a huge overcoat, with a felt

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hat held rather timidly behind him.

For years a struggle has gone on to get Mr. Morrow's hair cut regularly. He isn't opposed to the scheme; he forgets. His hair is very thick and wavy, and is usually half down over his forehead. A pair of small, gold-rimmed pince-nez sits perilously on his nose, and he doesn't remember to wipe them. In the course of a day, they get pretty well smudged up.

When Mr. Morrow is engaged on some problem—the probable financial future of Mexico, let us say—piles of books and papers grow in a disorderly fashion on his desk, on chairs, on the floor. One of his associates explains that on these occasions, "he gets very silent." Hour after hour goes by, and there is no perceptible movement behind the barricade of books. He has to be reminded about lunch, dinner and appointments.

A good part of the now rapidly growing Morrow legend concerns his absent-mindedness. What is perhaps the classic absent-minded story of all time has been fastened upon him. Mr. Morrow is on a train, half-hidden in the depths of a Pullman chair, and rummaging desperately through his pockets. The train conductor stands patiently by. Mr. Morrow discovers a number of unexpected things, but no railroad ticket. The conductor, happy to oblige a member of the House of Morgan, tells him never mind, it will be all right.

"It may be all right for you," Mr. Morrow mutters, still burrowing in his pockets, "but how am I going to find out where I'm going?"

Mr. Morrow, despite years of meeting and dealing with all sorts of people, is shy. His manner is very simple and direct. It is obvious he would like to be friendly, but he isn't at his best before strangers. He didn't enjoy campaigning very much, although he religiously did almost everything he was supposed to do, rode in processions, waved his hat, spoke from the back seat of his automobile. His campaign manager, Douglas G. Thomson, fairly worshipped him, but some of the Republican machine leaders were dissatisfied. They turned out the boys for all his meetings, and Mr. Morrow's speeches largely concerned basic economic and political theory. There wasn't much chance for the boys to cheer, stamp their feet, or otherwise do their stuff. Mr. Morrow occasionally interrupted himself to tell a story, but his stories are the kind that begin: "Once there were two Irishmen . . ." They are not very funny.

Acme

Mr. Morrow takes time out in his recent campaign in New Jersey

Mr. Morrow has no flair for personal publicity, doesn't approve of people dramatizing themselves. At the same time, he knows the value of newspapers and how to use them. Three years ago, almost every newspaper here was hostile to Mexico. When Mr. Morrow became Ambassador, he set about changing this. Since then, Mexico has had an enormous amount of favorable publicity. As one entirely unexpected result, tourists are beginning to go there by the thousands.

Shortly after the London Naval Conference began, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made a speech in which he urged the total abolition of battleships. It created a tremendous sensation, and was cabled to the ends of the earth. It made England sound very magnificent and peace-loving, and all the other nations, including America, very militaristic.

As a matter of fact, Mr. MacDonald's speech lacked the sanction of his delegation, was merely an expression of his own enthusiasm and horrified the British Admiralty. There was a far greater disposition among the Americans in London to do away with battleships, or at least reduce their number, than there ever was among the English. Mr. Morrow thought this ought to be made clear. He strongly urged Mr. Stimson to call in the press, and make a statement. Mr Stimson refused, and for many weeks England enjoyed great, and completely undeserved, prestige as the moral leader of the Conference.

In his recent Senatorial campaign, Mr. Morrow was faced with an exceedingly delicate problem in publicity. Mr. Morrow is, after all, the most famous father-in-law in the world, and the Republican organization wished to emphasize this. Mr. Morrow's first idea, it is said, was for Colonel Lindbergh to go to California on urgent business and stay there. Apparently calmer judgments prevailed, for Colonel Lindbergh did not go, was seen around Englewood and took Mr. Morrow riding in his airplane. At the landing field Mr. Morrow led up a startled and delighted youngster to be photographed with Colonel Lindbergh. It was a spontaneous and charming act, Mr. Morrow modestly kept out of the photograph, and it made a grand newspaper story.

MR. MORROW is fifty-seven. He was born in Huntington, West Virginia, the son of a remarkable father. James Elmore Morrow had fought in the Civil War, married and come to Huntington to take charge of Marshall College, succeeding Champ Clark, the man who in 1912 nearly became president. The elder Morrow remained a school teacher all his life. While Dwight was still small, he moved with his family

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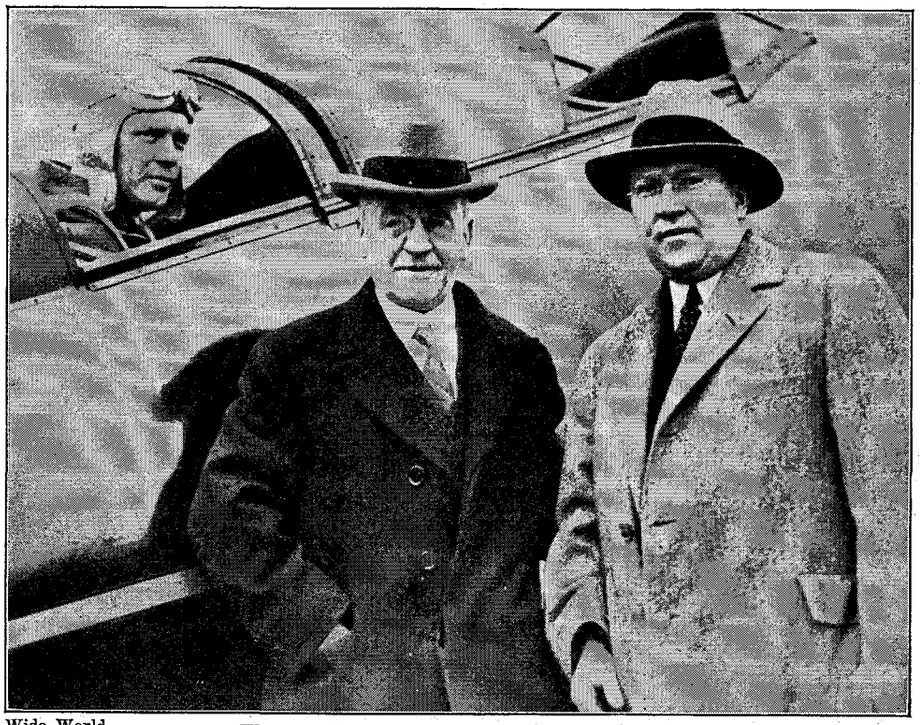
to Pittsburg. There he taught in the public schools and made a profound impression on his pupils. Whenever today Dwight Morrow does anything especially imaginative, or says anything especially wise, these former pupils say: "That is like his father."



Wide World

The most distinguished father-in-law in the world

Dwight Morrow represents something peculiarly and characteristically America. This is respect for learning, the faith that knowledge will make men free. Luther's Reformation, you remember, began with the demand that common people be allowed to study the Bible. When the Pilgrims came to this country, almost their first concern was to found the school which later became Harvard University. Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards were revered not because they were gentle, kindly men, but because they could read the New Testament in Greek.

No group of people has ever valued learning as highly as the men and women who founded this country, but they had no use for learning which could not be made useful. They had no sympathy for the medieval scholar who stayed in his monk's cell and pored over manuscripts. James Elmore Morrow had been trained in the classical disciplines, but he welcomed the advent of modern, practical curricula in the Pittsburg schools.

Young Dwight never knew the humiliation of being a poor boy. His father never at any time made more than $1800 a year, but none of the Morrows considered themselves as belonging to the really poor. It happened that they didn't have much money, but they belonged to the aristocracy of the country. Their father was a professor, and all the neighbors looked up to him.

Dwight was one of eight children, five of whom lived; two boys and three girls. All five went either to normal school or college, and all taught, at one time or another. Dwight's sister, Miss Alice Morrow, is today a professor in Robert College, Syria. His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, plans to open a preparatory school next autumn in Englewood.

Mr. Morrow's own fame as an international banker rests on his reputation as a scholar, for knowing more than any one else. After the War, J. P. Morgan & Company were invited to become agents in this country of the French government. Mr. Morrow's advice on what steps should be taken made a fair-sized book, since privately printed, a brilliant exposition of economic theory. He is said to know more facts about Mexico than any other living person. When he has time, he wants to write a history of Mexico, from the days of the Aztecs.

Underwood

Mr. and Mrs. Morrow

Dwight Morrow graduated from high school at fourteen, and the next two years ran errands in the county clerk's office in Pittsburg. His elder brother, J. J. Morrow, had been given an appointment to West Point by the local Congressman. Dwight wanted to go to West Point, too, but the Congressman demurred; two appointments in one family wasn't good politics. Dwight's brother later was governor of the Canal Zone, and is now a retired brigadier-general.

Dwight went to Amherst. His New Jersey campaign publicity stated he arrived there with $1.67. Mr. Morrow says he is not certain about the sum; as he recalls it, he didn't have as much as $1.67. At Amherst, he encountered the early American tradition of belief in learning in an acute form. Amherst was built by farmers who left their work in the fields on Saturday afternoons to lay the bricks for its first building. It was established primarily to produce Congregational ministers, not that the farmers were moved by any particular religious fervor, but because they believed educated men were good for the general community. Along with their preaching, for which they were paid, Congrega-

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Chinese on the Campus

By W. LOCK WEI

ALTHOUGH a small number of private Chinese students had taken many perilous voyages to the western world in search for scientific knowledge, when sailing vessels were the only means of transportation, 1908 may be designated as the year in which the Chinese government began to take an active part in sending her students abroad. America was greatly responsible for this movement. It was her return of part of the Boxers' indemnity funds, a friendly act that China will always remember, that has enabled the tens of thousands of Chinese students since to graduate from the various universities extending from Maine to California.

Unfortunately, however, the first groups of students were not properly prepared to take full advantage of their western education, nor were the American people quite ready to receive them. I can well imagine the emotions of the pioneer student from the Central Kingdom, though they might not be evident from his Oriental mask, when he first entered the American school campus—how he resented the audible whispers of "Chink," "Chinaman," or "Laundry;" how he almost regretted having decided to leave the "Home of the Cultured;" and how, after weeks of gloom and agony, he had made up his mind to delve into the science of the "Foreign Devil," even at the sacrifice of his face—his sense of dignity and pride!

After a few dreary months had dragged by, he began to find in his landlady and some of his classmates human beings not very unlike himself, though he still considered their frankness in asking questions and their excessive display of emotions as naïve and crude, meanwhile little suspecting that his newly-made friends had marked him as an inexplicable, unemotional stick-in-the mud. Thus he went through college with a string of degrees and honors, but without getting the full benefit of his education and mission. He returned to China with no intimate knowledge of the American people, and left behind him the impression that Chinese students are extremely industrious and serious-minded, but that they are bad mixers, and that the Oriental mind is really too mysterious for the Occidentals to understand.

Just before the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1911, American methods were introduced into the newer schools in China; and American teachers and professors were engaged to lecture on American subjects, as well as to initiate the students into the western forms of athletic sports; so that the next groups of students coming into the United States were better equipped to associate with their classmates and friends. The impressions left behind by their predecessors, however, seemed too much for them to live down; for though in many cases they deliberately tore off their mask of conservatism in order to make friends, they found little encouragement from their American associates. Thus, they, too, went through college without knowing intimately the workings of the American mind, American customs, language, mannerisms and humor.

THE QUESTION may now be raised as to why should the American people be bothered with the Chinese students at all. The answer is contained in the object of America's return of the Boxers' indemnity funds to bring the Chinese students over to the United States—to create a mutual understanding between the two nations. An examination into the culture of the East and that of the West will show that China and America offer almost the extremes in contrast in ideals—that the people in one civilization is inspired by individual realization, best of human relationship, duties and ideals, and spiritual comfort and salvation; and the people in the other by group action, scientific and business organization, efficiency and power, and material comfort and gratification. Thus the Chinese are passive, emotional, conservative, moderate and conscientious; while the Americans are aggressive, adventurous, progressive, intolerant, and restless. One cannot fail to realize that these two civilizations have a great deal to offer to each other—that China needs America's creative genius just as America will be benefited by China's suavity and poise.

A glance at statistics will show that the annual imports and exports between the two countries amount to some three hundred million gold dollars, and that in spite of wars and troubles in China during the recent years, the exchange of commodities has not fallen off to any appreciable extent. The remarkable fact, however, is that only a small volume of this business passes through the hands of the American firms in China. This brings up the questions why should the import and export trade between the United States and China be under the control of non-American firms in China; and what should America do in order to regain this large volume of business.

Old China hands—foreign residents in China who claim to know things Chinese—still argue that this state of affairs is caused by the fact that most of the American firms in China are controlled from their home office by men whose knowledge of conditions and business methods in China is very limited. They formulate policies often contrary to the judgment of the managers in China, but which the latter are obliged to carry out. The old China hands further argue that very few of the American concerns in China are equipped to handle the export of China's products. While these reasons are sound, I think that the most important thing for the American business men to do is to get the Chinese merchants' friendship and confidence. It is a well known fact that a Chinese prefers to trade with a friendly concern rather than one unknown to him, though the latter might be able to supply him with the same quality of goods and at a slightly lower price. I believe that China preferred to trade with England and Germany, for instance, because these two countries have been engaged in business with China long before the United States. The shrewd managers of the organizations of these two European nations have made a study of Chinese psychology, and have taken full advantage of this knowledge in making friends with the Chinese merchants.

CHINA'S gravest trouble, which has kept her from being united, is her lack of means of communication—railways and good roads. As soon as she has driven militarism out of the country, she will be looking for foreign capital and machinery to build a modern system of transportation; and America is the logical nation to come to her rescue. It may be of interest to point out that at the present moment, more than fifty per cent of the members of the Chinese cabinet, officials, members of the diplomatic corps, and many of the captains

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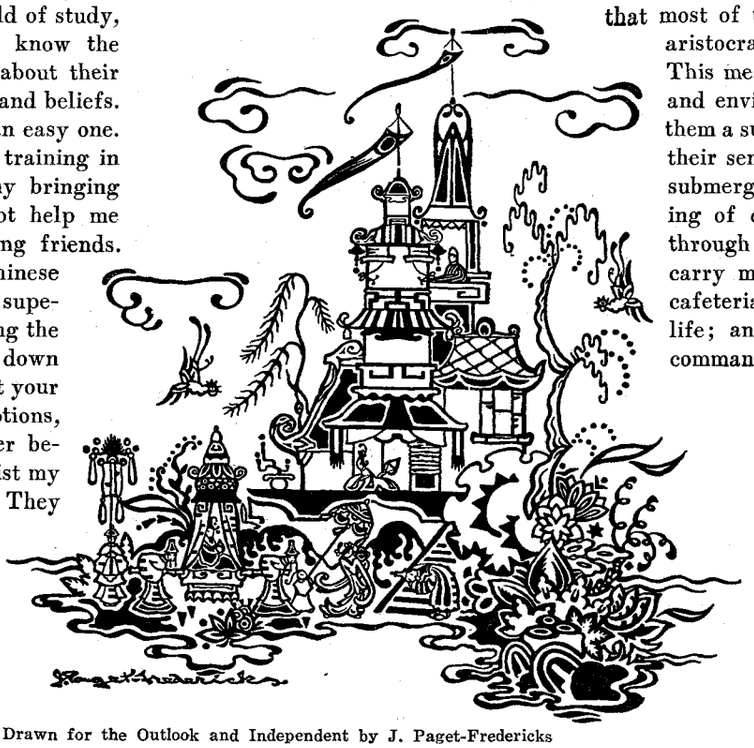
of industry and commerce are American-educated, returned students. This fact speaks louder than words why the Chinese students—the future rulers of China—should be given an opportunity of really knowing their American friends during their sojourn here.

I did not have the good fortune of attending one of the schools in China where American methods were instituted, nor was I a government student when I took up my post-graduate courses here; but in addition to my object of specializing in my field of study, I had a genuine desire to know the American people—to learn about their psychology, customs, ideals, and beliefs. My task, however, was not an easy one. I soon found that my early training in the Chinese classics, and my bringing up in an old family did not help me much in my effort in making friends. Like many of the other Chinese students, I suffered from a superiority complex; and following the golden rule of propriety laid down in the Book of Odes, "Let not your countenance betray your emotions, but let every word you utter become literature," did not assist my acquaintances to know me. They undoubtedly found me colorless and too serious-minded, while I considered them frivolous and shallow. It was my good fortune, however, to have selected Union College, in Schenectady, for my research work. Being the only Chinese student there at that time, and having a particular fondness for sports, dancing, and music, I was soon made to feel perfectly at home in my new environment. My fellow students were singularly kind to me; and before a few months had elapsed, I had evidently taken off my Oriental mask of conservatism; for my friends seemed to feel that I was a real human being, capable of smiling and appreciating a good joke; and I in turn came to learn about their ways, habits, and viewpoint.

When I went to Boston to enter the Graduate School at Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, however, I found conditions very different. Over a hundred Chinese students were studying in those two institutions at that time; and there were Chinese students' clubs and fraternities holding meetings at regular intervals. These bodies certainly have their value, but they do have the tendency of further segregating the Chinese from the Americans. Being convinced then that I should act as a Roman while in Rome, I took the drastic measure of refraining from attending too many of the functions arranged exclusively for the Chinese students, and keeping myself from getting into the habit of mingling only with my compatriots.

The thorough Americanization of many of the newer colleges in China during recent years has undoubtedly given the present group of students in the United States a good foundation on which to build a lasting Sino-American friendship. Even these partly denatured Orientals, however, still find difficulty in their first attempts in making friends with their American classmates. Unfortunately, these Chinese students are only partly Americanized; that is to say, they still retain a number of Oriental traits, the most prominent of which are conservatism and self-reverence, which make them rather formal and guarded in their conversations with new acquaintances. Furthermore, they do not realize that unlike the custom of their native land, where the word "foreigner" connotes the complimentary idea of guesthood as well as taking the form of "foreign devil," it carries only an implication of contempt in the United States; so that when they adopt their usual procedure of waiting for their hosts to break the ice, they are sadly disappointed with the result.



Drawn for the Outlook and Independent by J. Paget-Fredericks

The greatest obstacle in the path of the Chinese student who wishes to have the opportunity of mixing with the American people is his own environment. This is particularly true in the large colleges in the large cities, where hundreds of Chinese students belong to the same clubs and societies which meet frequently. The reason why this tendency of living one's own mode of life with one's own people is particularly strong with the Chinese students is not hard to explain. Statistics will show that most of these students come from aristocratic families in China. This means that their background and environment have built up in them a superiority complex, though their sense of modesty has kept it submerged. I remember the feeling of disgust that was surging through me, when I was obliged to carry my own tray of food in a cafeteria for the first time in my life; and how I revolted at the command of a liveried servant to get into a queue in a movie palace. If it had not been my conviction that I must get rid of some of those aristocratic ideas in order to associate with my American friends, I would have lived exclusively in the environment of the Chinese students.

Athletics and social accomplishments have helped quite a few Chinese students to become members of the various Greek letter fraternities. This special privilege undoubtedly assists them to tear off their masks of conservatism.

Personally I never had much use for the "Cosmopolitan Clubs" in the colleges, though they were all established with the good intention of cementing international relationship. These gatherings are so formal that little opportunity is afforded to the students of different nationalities intimately to exchange ideas.

Perhaps the greatest waste of time and energy is involved in the acts of kindness of the society matron, who, with the virtuous air of doing social work, gives a party especially for the Chinese students. Having been trained in the Sino-American schools in China, they much prefer to be treated as natives rather than the picturesque foreigners; furthermore, I do not know of anything that these students resent more than a patronizing attitude.

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▶▶ Antisaccharites—and Others ◀◀

By J. W. EMERSON

The present licentiousness of youth is not, however, to be attributed wholly to the reigning infidelity, nor to the pernicious examples of unprincipled men. Much is owing to parental negligence.

THESE WORDS are quoted from a volume of *Select Sermons* printed by William Butler at Northampton, Massachusetts, in the Year of Our Lord, 1799.

Who says history is not a mirror? The sixteenth century had brought a new pitfall for human licentiousness, and the younger generations of the seventeenth century were tumbling in pell-mell. The name of this pitfall was *sugar*. Previously, sugar had been a scarce and expensive article, and its use had been confined chiefly to medicine and as a luxury for the wealthy. But the cultivation of sugar cane in the West Indies in the sixteenth century threw an abundance of cheaper sugar upon the markets of the world. Like wildfire its use began to spread.

So when the good men of the seventeenth century—the century which gave us Cromwell and the Puritans—saw the use of this mysterious substance increasing by leaps and bounds, they naturally became alarmed. Obviously something had to be done, or the human race was in danger of destroying itself with this new vice. Thus there arose in the heyday of Puritanism the sect of "Antisaccharites" whose business it was to condemn the use of sugar.

The story of the Antisaccharites is merely the history of an idea. The Antisaccharites, themselves, appear not to have organized. They engendered no wars or political upheavals. They were propagandists, and what they accomplished was the dissemination of an idea. But the really important features in history are frequently the thoughts of the people rather than concrete events. Many times actual events are merely the outward expression of underlying thoughts and ideas. Antisaccharism may be characterized as the idea of the prohibition of sugar.

THE DESIRE to laugh at the idea of prohibiting sugar is entirely unwarranted if we shift our viewpoint to that of the seventeenth century. In those days the true function of sugar, as an article of human consumption, was entirely unknown. Practically nothing was known of the chemistry of nutrition. It was not known, and hardly even suspected, that sugar was a food. Dr. Theophilus Garencieres, an eminent London physician, wrote in 1647 (in Latin):

It is therefore clearer than light that sugar is not a nourishment, but an evil; not a preservative, but a destroyer.

It appears from medical literature of the seventeenth century that tuberculosis and scurvy were raging at that time and entailing enormous economic loss. According to medical authorities the use of sugar was largely responsible for these diseases. No less an authority than John Ray, "the Father of English Natural History," and one of the most conservative of scientists, in Volume II of his great work, *Historia Plantarum*, published in 1688, said:

The physicians who lived in the last century, with unanimous consent, recommended sugar for complaints of the lungs, hoarseness, cough, rawness of the throat and internal ulceration, yet among us in England, not long since, it began to be accused, and to labour under great discredit, by our own as well as foreign physicians, who impute the ravages which the scurvy and consumption have lately made in England to the immoderate use of sugar in our food and drinks.

Again, Dr. Thomas Willis, one of the most eminent physicians of the century, said in his *De Scorbuto* published in 1674:

I so much condemn all things that are preserved with sugar, or have much sugar mixed with them, that I consider the invention and immoderate use of it, in this present age, to have very much contributed to the immense increase of the scurvy.

FROM THE above quotations, as well as from various other references in early literature, it appears clear that Antisaccharism originated in the seventeenth century, but just how or by whom is not so clear. Dr. Benjamin Moseley in his *Treatise on Sugar* published in the year 1800, after quoting Antisaccharite sentiments, said:

From these extracts it appears that Garencieres and Willis were the founders of the sect of Antisaccharites.

Garencieres and Willis were both eminent physicians and may have been the founders of Antisaccharism in the scientific world, but more than likely there was an earlier and more emotional origin in the lay world. However that may be, it is certain that Antisaccharism was a dominant note in the thought of the age. From lay as well as from scientific literature it is evident that people assumed or took for granted that the only function of sugar was to tickle the palate, to improve the flavor of tea, coffee and various foods. In reality, it was harmful and its use more or less sinful. Sugar was classed with such substances as wine, nutmeg and tobacco. A curious play published in 1630—just three hundred years ago—had among its cast of characters Wine, Beere, Ale, Sugar, Nutmegge and Tobacco—all vanities which served only man's carnal pleasures.

Sugar-bowls, or "sugar-boxes" as they were then called, were provided with lock and key and opened only on festive occasions. Tea caddies, also provided with locks, were frequently used as sugar-bowls, as collectors of early English and Colonial plate are aware. We are told that the locks were as much a moral as an economic safeguard. Children, servants and persons of weak moral character were thus forcibly restrained from overindulgence in that delicious but injurious substance, sugar.

All this time, of course, the use of sugar went on just the same—or rather increased—in spite of the widespread sentiment against it, just as today the use of other things goes on in spite of adverse public opinion. But had any one in those days seriously attempted to justify the use of sugar, he would have been smothered with an avalanche of scientific data. When any one publicly remarked that sugar might have food value, the pulpits rang with those blessed words of Garencieres: "not a nourishment, but an evil; not a preservative, but a destroyer."

Let any one maintain (as some did) that the scurvy scare was exaggerated and that sugar had nothing to do with it, then down would come the great Thomas Willis upon his ignorant head. Let such a person read *De Scorbuto* and show his ignorance no more.

Let one of the licentious youths of

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that profligate age sing that flippant popular rhyme calculated to soothe one's conscience for indulgence in sugar—

> That which preserves apples and plums,
> Will also preserve life and lungs,—

and he could be sobered by citations from Simon Pauli, Garencieres, Willis, Ray, and in fact all the great scientists of the day.

Let some upstart try to argue that sugar was merely the boiled down juice of a harmless plant and mild as honey. He could be scorified for his ignorance of *Aqua Stigia,* that horrible corrosive liquor derived from sugar, and his further ignorance that, according to no less an authority than John Ray: "Sugar also contains an acid and very corrosive salt; which appears from distillation."

So Antisaccharism progressed—likewise the use of sugar. In matters of conduct the majority is usually right, but in matters of thought, they are frequently wrong.

Early in the eighteenth century adverse opinion about the "sugar evil" began to appear—that is, the sugar question became controversial. In 1715 Dr. Frederick Slare, said to have been the first physician to discover the presence of salt in blood, published his *Vindication of Sugars.* Just how scientific Slare was, however, may perhaps be judged from the following, sent by Slare to the Royal Society:

THOMAS WILLIS
Supposedly one of the founders of the Antisaccharites, attributed scurvy to the immoderate use of sugar

I have reason to give a great character to sugar, on account of some extraordinary effects it seemed to have on my grandfather, forty years since. He made his daily practice to take or lick up as much sugar as his butter spread upon his bread would receive, for his constant breakfast, unless he happened to exchange it for honey sometimes. He frequently sweetened his beer and ale with sugar; he had sugar put to all the sauces he used with his meat. He had all his teeth in his mouth at eighty years, strong and firm, never had any pain or soreness in his gums or teeth, never refused the hardest crust. In his eighty-second year one of his teeth dropped out, and soon after that a second, which he put in my hand, and was one of his fore teeth. He bid me feel the cavity, where I struck my nail upon a bone; in short, all his teeth came out in two or three years and young ones filled up their room; he had a new set quite round. His hair from a very candid white, became much darker. He continued in good health and strength, and without any disease, and died in the 99th or 100th year, of a plethora, as I guess for want of bleeding. He was a Bedfordshire gentleman, of an old English family, and the case well known. This reconciled me much to vindicate sugar, which I have formerly done before the Royal Society, and have shewn the unjust calumny of the famous Willis against sugar who charges it with a corrosive liquor, as bad as aqua fortis; he calls it Aqua Stigia. I examined it and found the charge unjust; that sugar contained no worse substance in it than milk and honey and manna, nay bread itself. The experiments were approved of and are in your journals.

In 1752 *An Essay on Sugar* appeared in pamphlet form, "printed by E. Comyns at the South Entrance of the Royal Exchange, MDCCLII Price sixpence." The author did not sign his name. The "essay" indulged in extravagant praise of sugar and rabid denunciation of the Antisaccharites. There seems ground for the suspicion that this pamphlet was the work of the "sugar interests," so of course its arguments are to be discounted.

At the end of the century, in the year 1800, however, Dr. Benjamin Moseley, "Physician to Chelsea Hospital, Member of the College of Physicians, of the University of Leyden, of the American Philosophical Society, etc.," published his excellent *Treatise on Sugar,* which in effect was a vindication of sugar. The vindication, however, was of a forensic rather than a truly scientific quality, based essentially on attacking the stand of the Antisaccharites. Dr. Moseley appears to have been a man of good common sense and temperate opinions. He was not so bold and unreasonable as to maintain that sugar was a food. He called it "an ingredient in food" or "an article, used as an auxiliary, in food" or some such similar term. He said: "The increased consumption of sugar, and the increasing demand for it, exceed all comparison with any other article, used as an auxiliary, in food; for, such is the influence of sugar, that once touching the nerves of taste, no person was ever known to have the power of relinquishing the desire for it."

Thus it appears that at the beginning of the nineteenth century Antisaccharism was distinctly on the wane. The trouble was that scientists were making some uncomfortable discoveries. Forty years before, in 1760, a German named Marggraff had discovered that beets contained sugar. Now other chemists were finding sugar in various other foods. Could it be that after all the human race had been using sugar ever since the beginning, without knowing it? These crackling noises from the laboratories of the world sounded suspiciously like the sizzling of a fuse, and about the middle of the nineteenth century the bomb exploded—and the cat came out of the bag.

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The great chemist Liebig brought out his epoch-making discovery of the elements of nutrition—what we now know as the fats, proteids and carbohydrates.

In opposition to the medical opinion of the day, Liebig showed that the heat of the body was due to oxidization, and that sugar served as a fuel. He and other chemists demonstrated that sugar was not only a food but one of the most important elements of nutrition.

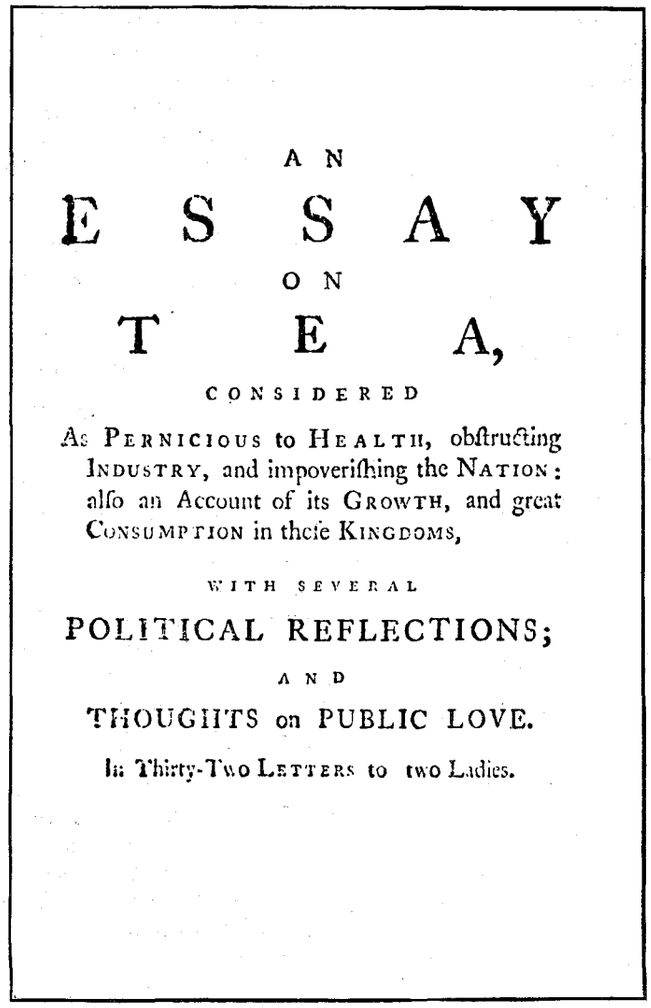
These discoveries were cruel, but their results were inevitable, for they proved that the sugar moralists had been wrong, that public opinion had been wrong, that even the great scientists had been wrong, and that Nature alone had been right. With these discoveries the Antisaccharites began to disappear from civilization. So completely have they been forgotten that even the word "Antisaccharite" is not now found in the dictionary, though the word occurs in eighteenth century literature.

Where is the analogy between the Antisaccharites of the seventeenth century and the prohibitionists of the twentieth? Obviously there are many differences. The Antisaccharites were not organized. The prohibitionists are. The Antisaccharites never received much legislation in their favor, other than taxes and duties on sugar. The prohibitionists in the United States have been favored with a constitutional amendment. These and other differences exist; but there is one outstanding similarity, one feature in common, so important that I do not believe an adequate perspective and just appraisal of prohibition can be attained without taking this feature into consideration. It is this:

Both Antisaccharites and prohibitionists condemned the use of an article the function of which, in human economy, was entirely unknown. Neither the Antisaccharites nor any one else in the seventeenth century knew anything definite about the real function of sugar. Neither the prohibitionists nor any one else at present knows anything definite about the real function of alcohol.

Of course, it may be—as is sometimes maintained—that under certain circumstances alcohol may act as a true food in the ordinary sense of the word, but certainly this is not its primary function—this is not the reason prohibition is so hard to enforce. Alcohol, in the sense in which we are considering it, belongs to that class of substances popularly known as "the stimulants"—substances which apparently are taken for their action on the nervous system. Just what this effect is, in the hard, concrete terms of chemistry and physics, we do not know. There are, of course, numerous theories. There is, for example, the well known psychological theory that the "intoxication" resulting from the use of a "stimulant" acts as relief from the strain of the inhibitions of civilization—rather a vague theory.

There is also the theory that the use of the stimulants is a secondary sex manifestation and serves to keep sexual life within bounds compatible with civilization, evidence offered being:


AN
ESSAY
ON
TEA,
CONSIDERED
As PERNICIOUS to HEALTH, obſtructing INDUSTRY, and impoveriſhing the NATION: alſo an Account of its GROWTH, and great CONSUMPTION in theſe KINGDOMS,
WITH SEVERAL
POLITICAL REFLECTIONS;
AND
THOUGHTS on PUBLIC LOVE.
In Thirty-Two LETTERS to two Ladies.

Attack on "a Chinese drug called Tea"

(1) The use of stimulants is confined almost exclusively to adults.

(2) The use of stimulants increases as civilization advances and imposes greater restraints.

(3) Many tribes and races conspicuous for moral laxity and degeneracy, as some orientals and some ancient races, are also conspicuous for their abstinence from alcohol and other stimulants.

(4) Nations having the highest moral standards are frequently those who consume the largest amounts of stimulants.

Again, there is the theory that the stimulants act as an auxiliary to adrenalin or other endocrine secretion to aid man in meeting conditions of life for which he was not originally designed.

And of course there is the theory that the use of the stimulants has no function at all, other than to give temporary pleasure—that is, that the use of the stimulants is merely a bad habit the human race has succumbed to, and in the end is only harmful.

Perhaps, as Herbert Spencer would say, there is "a soul of truth" in each of these theories. At best, however, the theories are general and not specific. About the only thing they show is our ignorance of the real truth. The matter will probably not be definitely understood until expressed in terms of chemistry and physics. As yet, however, we scarcely know the chemistry and physics of a single nervous reaction in anything approaching a definite manner. We know no more about the chemistry and physics of nervous phenomena than the seventeenth century knew about the chemistry of digestion and nutrition. How, then, can we be in a position to understand the function of substances whose action is primarily on the nervous system? Our present information in respect to the physiology of the stimulants is either irrelevant, vague or hypothetical. The secret of the matter is as yet undiscovered. The world still awaits a Liebig of the stimulants.

Is it not a mere hypothesis in respect to stimulants that lies at the roots of

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prohibition? Back of the whole movement is there not the fundamental idea that alcohol is merely one of a class of substances which in the long run are harmful? It is taken for granted that the use of the so-called stimulants is ultimately harmful. Is not this same notion actively or dormantly present in the minds of most prohibitionists, and even of many who are not prohibitionists? They may agree that fundamentally there is no argument against the use of wine which may not in principle be lodged against tea, coffee and tobacco; but they assume it as axiomatic that the use of the stimulants in general, and alcohol in particular, in the long run does more harm than good and will eventually be annihilated. Does not this assumption lie at the roots of the prohibition movement and furnish nourishment for at least a large part of that movement?

The important question is, Where is the evidence for the truth of this assumption?

If we face facts, the first evidence to confront us is that the use of the stimulants is practically universal. Some years ago Dr. A. P. Grinnell, Dean of the Medical Department of the University of Vermont, who took an active part in the agitation for our pure food and drugs acts, read a paper before the Medico-Legal Society, of which he was Vice-president, in which he said:

> . . . every human being craves some artificial stimulant. Ask yourself what your stimulant is. What is mine? What is my neighbor's? We all have one, and after thirty years' experience in practice I can truthfully voice the opinion generally entertained by the medical profession that every human being craves and requires some artificial stimulant.

Dr. Grinnell showed how many people who say they "take no stimulant" really do take it in the form of condiments or unusual food combinations. He told of a temperance lecturer who "took no stimulant" but who consumed inordinate amounts of pickles. When finally his physician ordered him to give up pickles the man refused to do so, and died. Dr. Grinnell's comment was, "This man died of pickles." The writer was once acquainted with a man who for moral reasons "took no stimulants"—but he ate almost unbelievable quantities of black pepper. Everything on his plate had to be buried under a blanket of black snow. When this black snow-storm was flying, every one near him at the table was compelled to partake of it in the form of snuff—with the usual result. A dinner party at this man's house was a sneezing party.

Try to find a person who actually takes no stimulant and you will have no easy task. It has been truthfully said that "a person who takes no stimulant at all is as rare as a person who never laughs, and we may well question whether such a condition is not pathological." In other words, the use of stimulants is distinctly the normal and not the abnormal condition. Does it not require evidence of unusual strength to show that the normal condition is ultimately harmful?

> "But about ten years after, a preacher held forth ſo vehemently againſt the uſe of Coffee, as a thing prohibited by law, that the mob fell upon the Coffee-houſes, broke the pots and diſhes, and abuſed the company they found there.

An excerpt from an account of the prohibition of coffee in Cairo about 1533

Where is the evidence that evolution is working for the annihilation of the use of stimulants? History and statistics certainly do not furnish it. The steady increase in the use of stimulants, as measured not over a few years or decades but over centuries, seems to bear out the belief that the use of stimulants increases as civilization advances. This in spite of the fact that every one of the stimulants in common use has been the subject of prohibition agitation. It would be highly enlightening to review in detail the history of these various prohibitions, but let us limit ourselves to brief mention of only a few of them.

STUDENTS of American history are probably familiar with the anti-tobacco laws of Colonial times. As early as 1629 the Massachusetts settlers were prohibited from planting tobacco "unless in small quantities, for physic, to preserve health." In 1638 smoking in barns, fields or forests, in inns or public houses was prohibited. Sixteen hundred and forty-one saw the importation of tobacco into Virginia prohibited. Smoking was again prohibited in 1646 "except when done on a journey of five miles or more from any town." In 1647 the use of tobacco was prohibited to any one "unaccustomed to its use."

Tea, too, has been agitated against, as may be seen by a review of Jonas Hanway's *Essay on Tea* published in 1766, the tenor of which may be gathered from the following quotation:

> Be assured it is in your power to destroy this many-headed monster, which devours so great a part of the best fruits of this land; and that the welfare of your country depends greatly on your virtue. If you do not improve these hints, it is not my fault; but if you treat them with the respect they deserve, I will employ all my interest to have a statue erected to your memory. . . . It shall be inscribed
>
> MDCCLV
> to
> The Remembrance
> of the fair guardian spirits
> of Britain
> whose influence and example
> abolished the use of
> a Chinese drug called
> T E A;
> the infusion of which had
> been for many years drank in these
> realms and dominions,
> injuring the health,
> obstructing the industry,
> wasting the fortunes,
> and exporting the riches
> of his Majesty's liege subjects.

History also furnishes some remarkable and enlightening examples of the prohibition of coffee. Witness the following account of the prohibition of coffee in Cairo, as reported by Moseley in his essay on coffee published in 1792:

> In the year 1523, a scrupulous Doctor stated, that Coffee intoxicated the head, and was prejudicial to health; and he had suspicions that it was unlawful. But none of his brethren were of his opinion, because it was obvious that coffee had not those bad qualities he ascribed to it; and therefore this gave no shock at all to a custom so universally received.
>
> But about ten years after, a preacher held forth so vehemently against the use of coffee, as a thing prohibited by law, that the mob fell upon the Coffee-houses, broke the pots and dishes, and abused the company they found there.
>
> Upon this, there were two parties formed in the city; one of which main-

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▶▶ Joey Jacobs, World's Champion ◀◀

By KATHARINE BRUSH

AT NINE O'CLOCK in the evening, the streets near the Yankee Stadium were still choked with traffic—one-way traffic. Inside the mammoth concrete curve ahead, the show was going on, and had been for an hour. But the people who came now came only for the headline act, the main bout, scheduled to start at ten. These were not real fight fans. These were ladies with orchids, and gentlemen whose shirt-fronts gleamed white in the dim deep tonneaux of limousines. These were the holders of tickets marked $26.25, which they had triumphantly purchased from brokers for twice or three times that. The real fans had bleachers seats at $2.10, and were in them. Many had been there since early morning.

The wide sidewalk that circles around the Stadium gave evidence of the passing of tens of thousands. You waded in a welter of torn newspapers, lost programs, cigar stubs, cigarette jackets, pop bottles, chewing gum. You ground the pictured faces of Sharkey and Schmeling under heel. You hurried. Every one hurried now. There was the sudden panic that attacks late-comers, when they can hear the roar beyond the walls. The pavement streamed with people headed for Gate B, Gate J, Gate A—colliding, jostling, dodging, zigzagging. Only the police were stationary, and the guards at the gates, and the shirt-sleeved men in the hot bright ticket-booths. The booths were still open. "Admission $26.25." One little man in white flannels seemed to be buying.

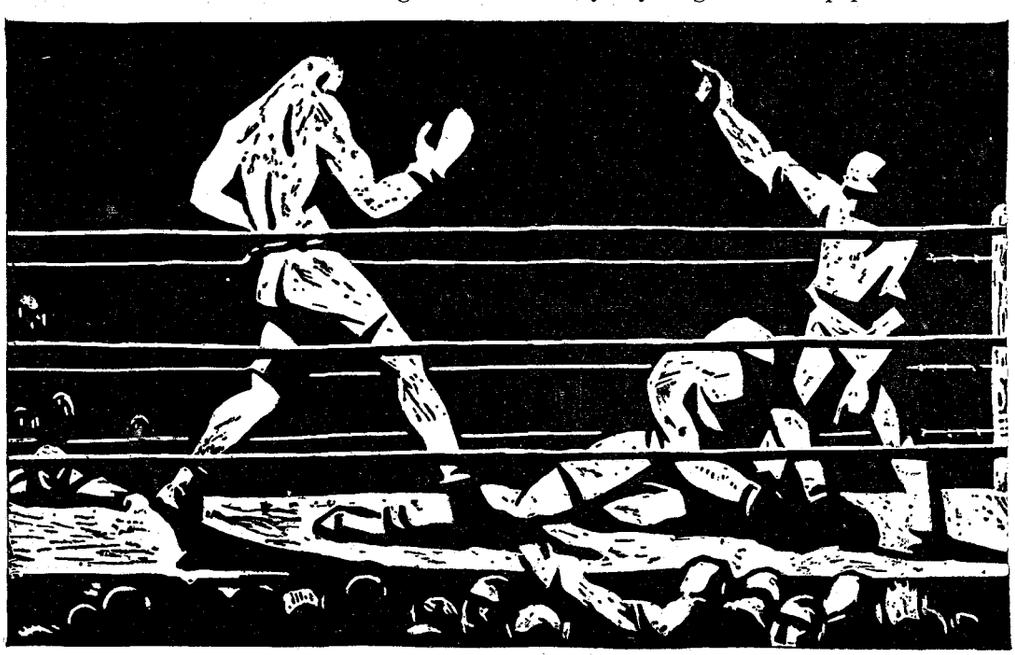
IT IS CUSTOMARY to describe any huge amphitheatre crowded with human beings as a great spectacle. To my mind, an amphitheatre having some architectural symmetry, and some compactness —the Yale Bowl, for inevitable instance, or Madison Square Garden—makes a greater spectacle by far when it is filled than does this sprawling, uneven wall of lofty grandstands and low bleachers, strung together with advertising signboards. There is nothing compact about the Yankee Stadium, and there is nothing regular. On one side you can see the Elevated trains go by, on the other side the structure hides the heavens; and the grandstands are as far from the opposite wooden stands as Mr. Babe Ruth can bat a ball.

This is too far. There are great open spaces; and the crowd is so spread out, so remote in the bleachers and so invisible in the grandstand tiers above or below, that it fails to impress one properly. I was told that there were 70,000 people at the fight. I suppose I heard them all, but I didn't see them. Nobody heard me say anything about the population of a fair-sized city, nor was I moved to remark that it made you wonder who stayed at home.

But though the Stadium did not show off the 70,000 to best advantage, there is no denying that the scene was exciting. I like athletic contests at night. I should like to see football played at night, with the gridiron a block of hot white light like a vast prize ring. In perspective, it is extraordinary how the ring seems to hold its light within itself, shedding none of it beyond the ropes. It is brilliance in a frame, raised in the darkness. The press section supports it —appropriately enough. Its pedestal is made of sports writers.

The ring in which Sharkey fought Schmeling was roofed with what seemed to be dozens of bells. Some of these were the lights, and others were amplifiers, but the idea that they were bells persisted in my mind, and I half expected to hear them ring out for Schmeling. Below them, high above the canvas square and the two pink figures, a cloud of smoke or of resin dust lingers always. There were two radio microphones hanging there the other night, eavesdropping for the millions, and in the press stand underneath there were more microphones and—need I add?—the beloved, bewildered Mr. Graham MacNamee.

Around the base of the ring, behind the banks of journalists' backs, the seats called ringside seats extended for miles in all directions. There were, I learned afterward, sixty rows of ringside seats, fanning out from each of the ring's four sides. This was fewer than formerly. The late Mr. Tex Rickard favored seventy-eight rows to a side. It appears that in the seventy-eighth row, and even in the seventy-seventh, the visibility was not as good as it might have been, according to carping critics. Hence the ringside was considerably reduced on this occasion, and presumably everybody was happy—spectators in the sixties reminding themselves as they teetered and craned that once it might have been worse, and what do you want for twenty-six dollars?



THE KNOCK-OUT
Wood-engravings in this article by E. J. Bistran

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From my aerial bower—a mezzanine box overlooking third base—the ringside resembled nothing so much as a camp-meeting. There were the straw hats. There were the new pine benches. There was the green grass growing all around.

The platform itself, empty when I first beheld it, might as well have been a stage set for a revivalist as a boxing ring for a pair of heavyweights in satin shorts.

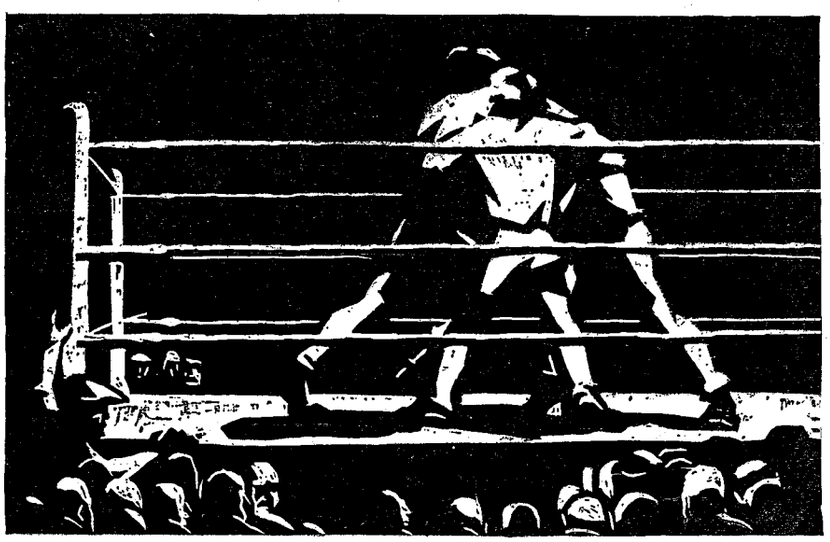
This impression, however, was but momentary. You do not see flasks, fist-fights, dinner coats, binoculars, peanut-and-popcorn vendors, red-capped ushers, blue cigarette smoke, inebriates, newsboys, One-Eyed Connelly, Mayor James J. Walker, Miss Texas Guinan, and the New York Mounted Police, at a camp-meeting. Nor do you see at a camp-meeting, or anywhere else that I know of, Mr. Jack Sharkey, Lithuanian, of the U. S. A., striding to battle wrapped in the folds of the flag of his country.

This you saw now. Mr. Sharkey's adversary, Mr. Max Schmeling of Germany, appeared first, cloaked simply and tastefully with a faded bathrobe. Then came Old Glory. At first you didn't quite understand—it was just the flag, with somebody in it. Then the *"Boo-oo-oo-oo!"* that started near it, and spread, and swelled, and reverberated from here and there and everywhere, enlightened you. This was none other than our Sharkey.

It was not yet half past nine. The World's Heavyweight Championship bout, as I have told you, was scheduled for ten o'clock exactly. As a matter of fact it began at 9:32 or thereabouts—the Milk Fund, promoters of the fight, having decided that at any minute it might rain. There was, indeed, a threat of rain in the air; on the other hand, to my certain knowledge, there were hundreds of ticket-holders, still in their limousines and taxis, wedged on the bridge some blocks away. These must have missed the fight entirely, though they arrived on time. It seems a pity. They will never quite believe that it was dull.

And perhaps it wasn't. Doubtless the boxing expert's eye, in fine frenzy rolling, caught thrills and significances that escaped me. Let me admit it: I know nothing, technically, about prize fights. I do not even know enough not to call them prize fights if I feel like it, although I have been told repeatedly that they are no such thing. I have watched Tunney and Dempsey, and Dempsey and Sharkey, and Dempsey and Firpo, but I cannot tell a left hook from an upper-cut, and I do not know a foul blow when I see one. I do not even see one. That was proved the other night.

Thus my memories of what may or may not have been a tremendous occasion, breathlessly exciting, internationally important, are pale memories. Nor are there many of them. The booing of Sharkey, in his voluminous flag, I remember best. Fifty or sixty thousand people, booing one person. There is something unforgettable about that. I remember, too, the tumult of applause for Schmeling—a tumult so much greater when he entered, a contender, than when he was assisted out again, a champion—though the booing of Sharkey sounded just the same.



THE CLINCH

I remember them in the ring—Sharkey with his dark straight hair that grows in a deep loop on his forehead, peering warily, sneakily, out of his little eyes; Schmeling, who resembles Dempsey, black-browed, with curly hair. Their faces as they fought seemed to me almost expressionless—they did not grimace and bare their teeth, as fighters sometimes do. When they were apart, they spit at their gloves and watched each other, their superb legs agile all the while. The blows they landed were not audible from where I sat, but you could see their noses and their pink skins reddening. Otherwise they looked quite neat until the end. Sharkey's mouth had bled a little, but only for an instant. Not a lock of his hair was out of place.

He had been beating Schmeling—even I knew that—when in the fourth of the scheduled fifteen three-minute rounds, in the last few seconds of the round, the championship fight was suddenly over. Schmeling was down on his knees with one hand on the canvas, and Sharkey was hurrying off to a neutral corner. The referee was running about, consulting various people, and Schmeling, his teeth showing now, his dark face twisted, was looking toward the referee—beseechingly, but mutely. Apparently he could think only of German things to say. From the opposite corner, Sharkey, with his elbows on the ropes, and his brown gloves dangling idly, quietly watched him.

When the gong sounded, Schmeling's seconds rushed to his aid and, picking him up by the bent knees and the armpits, lugged him to his corner. The interval between rounds was one minute. At the gong for the fifth round, Sharkey again leaped out to do battle—for the fight, in the general excitement, had not been officially called off. It was off, however, as far as Schmeling was concerned. He was unable to rise from his stool, and if he had been able, his manager, Mr. Joey Jacobs, a screaming, dancing midge of a man, who now harangued the referee, the judges, and the press by turns, would not have let him. Mr. Jacobs won. I mean that literally. If any one won the heavyweight championship of the world on June 12, 1930, it was Joey Jacobs, height about 5 feet 2, weight about 120 pounds.

When every one had listened to Mr. Jacobs' screams of "Foul!" long and respectfully enough, the announcer waved his hat to still the tumult of the crowd, and said that Schmeling was the champion. His victor's mighty right was

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The Trend of Events

The Morrow-Wet Victory

THE more one examines Dwight W. Morrow's triumph in New Jersey the more impressive it becomes. The Morrow forces had predicted victory by about 100,000 votes. Actually, Mr. Morrow won the Republican nomination for Senator by a plurality of 305,000 over Franklin W. Fort. His majority over both Mr. Fort and Joseph S. Frelinghuysen was 255,000. His campaign managers, therefore, had been downright pessimistic. There's one for Mr. Ripley's Believe It or Nots.

The one great issue of the Morrow-Fort-Frelinghuysen contest was, of course, prohibition. The result was a flood. Coming up, spluttering, from their rude immersion, dry leaders have attempted to laugh the Morrow victory off. Their chuckles, alas, still sound like gurgles. It is true, as General Superintendent McBride of the Anti-Saloon League declares, that Mr. Morrow's election would not mean any addition to the wet vote in the Senate; former-Senator, now Ambassador, Edge, whose seat he would fill, was a wet as well. But to drop the subject here is to ignore the fact that New Jersey has given the whole anti-prohibition cause enormous impetus.

In the first place, the election of a wet Senator from New Jersey is now dead certain. The struggle this fall will be between the wet Republican, Mr. Morrow, and the wet Democrat, Alexander C. Simpson. Again, the Anti-Saloon League has been dealt a smashing blow. The New Jersey Republican primary was not, remember, a cleancut fight between a dry and a wet, which could only have resulted in a soaking wet victory. It was a fight between a dry and two wets. It was an attempt by Mr. Fort, with Anti-Saloon League backing, to nominate a dry and to dominate the Republican party in New Jersey while the wet vote divided between Mr. Morrow and Mr. Frelinghuysen. When Mr. Fort and his supporters were nearly drowned on June 17, when the drys were defeated even with the wet vote split, their faction lost strength. Contrariwise, the wet faction gained strength. The Morrow landslide will also encourage and strengthen wet factions in other states, and in both parties. It will tend to moisten political organizations in general.

As for Mr. Morrow himself, he is now the unquestioned commander of the wets in the national Republican party. As the wet cause gathers momentum, wet Republicans will look to him for leadership. He may not win the Republican nomination for President in 1932, since presidential incumbents are re-nominated almost automatically, but it is quite possible that he will win it in 1936.

Meddling Mr. Insull

IF THE AVERAGE MAN regards public utility magnates warily, probably no one is more to blame than Samuel Insull of Chicago. Mr. Insull has a genius for getting in wrong. Four years ago it was his fat contributions to the campaign funds of Frank L. Smith, candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator in Illinois. He then had the job of explaining away the fact that Mr. Smith was chairman of a public utilities commission, and consequently in a position to bestow favors. As a slow-tongued witness before a senatorial investigating committee, Mr. Insull seemed less crafty than confused. Yet his association with Mr. Smith made one more reason why the Senate blackballed the Senator-elect.

Wide World

WOULD-BE CENSOR

Samuel Insull, perhaps our best-known public utilities magnate

Now Mr. Insull is again in hot water. Invited to address the World Power Conference in Berlin, Ambassador Sackett, himself interested in public utilities, prepared a speech declaring that he knew of "no other manufacturing industry where the sale price of the product to the great mass of consumers is fifteen times the actual cost of production." Mildly enough, he said that, until the situation is remedied, the power industry cannot be regarded as rapidly approaching perfection.

An advance copy of the speech fell under the eye of Mr. Insull, who thought some of its sentiments heretical and requested the Ambassador to delete them. Mr. Sackett naturally refused, intimating that he would deliver the address as written or not at all. Finally the speech was delivered unchanged, but Mr. Insull was not in the audience which heard and applauded it.

Senator Norris' sharp criticism of the incident was inevitable. It is both presumptuous and offensive for a private citizen to attempt to censor the remarks of a diplomatic representative of the United States. In this case it was likewise stupid. It not only aroused suspicions, but gave Ambassador Sackett's remarks huge publicity, which almost drowned out the protests of such men as President Matthew S. Sloan of the National Electric Light Association that in America four times the cost of production would be nearer the truth than fifteen. Our public utilities expend large sums and great efforts to create a favorable public sentiment. Then along comes Mr. Insull and much of their work goes up in smoke.

Protests from Abroad

PROTECTIONISTS have repeatedly assured us that foreign nations were merely bluffing when, denouncing our new tariff rates, they threatened to pay us back in our own coin. Yet on the day the rates went into effect countervailing duties were automatically imposed in Canada. In France, the tariff committee of the Chamber of Deputies urged that, unless American rates curtailing French exports were reduced, the French government discriminate against American exports on a wholesale basis. Should

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the American Tariff Commission refuse to act on French protests, says Minister of Commerce Flandin, it would then be necessary to proceed with what he vaguely but ominously terms "other measures."

A few of many recent headlines will indicate that foreign protests against the Hawley-Smoot law are both real and earnest. "Our Tariff Spurs British Trade Unity," says one of them, while other typical headlines read: "Uruguayans Favor Tariff Retaliation"; "Reich Aroused by Tariff"; "European Press Bitter—Italian, Swiss and Belgian Papers Deplore Signing of Tariff Bill."

The angry activity of nations with which America trades emphasized the force of Owen D. Young's recent address at San Francisco. Pointing out that the only way in which we can satisfactorily dispose of our surpluses of agricultural products, raw material, manufactured goods, services and capital is to sell them abroad, Mr. Young noted the futility of attempting to solve the problem of surpluses while pursuing policies which make its solution increasingly difficult. Though he did not directly discuss the new tariff bill, his remarks could not have been more pertinent had he been discussing that alone.

Against such reasoned conclusions, political efforts to make the new law seem harmless, if not actually beneficent, fall flat. Mr. Hoover made such an effort when he predicted that "with returning normal conditions our foreign trade will continue to expand." Secretary Mellon made such an effort when he predicted that the tariff law would not destroy our foreign trade, when no one ever said that it would, though many believe that the law will seriously impair it. If this is the best defense that the Engineering Mind and the Greatest Secretary of the Treasury Since Alexander Hamilton can make of the tariff law, is it any wonder that, on the heels of the former's statement, Wall Street went into a swoon, and, on the heels of the latter's, went into another?

▶▶*Hopeless*

WILL THE TARIFF LAW be transformed from an abomination into a thing of beauty by means of the much-praised flexible provision, permitting the President to raise or lower duties up to fifty per cent on recommendation of the Tariff Commission? Some people seem to think so. We do not.

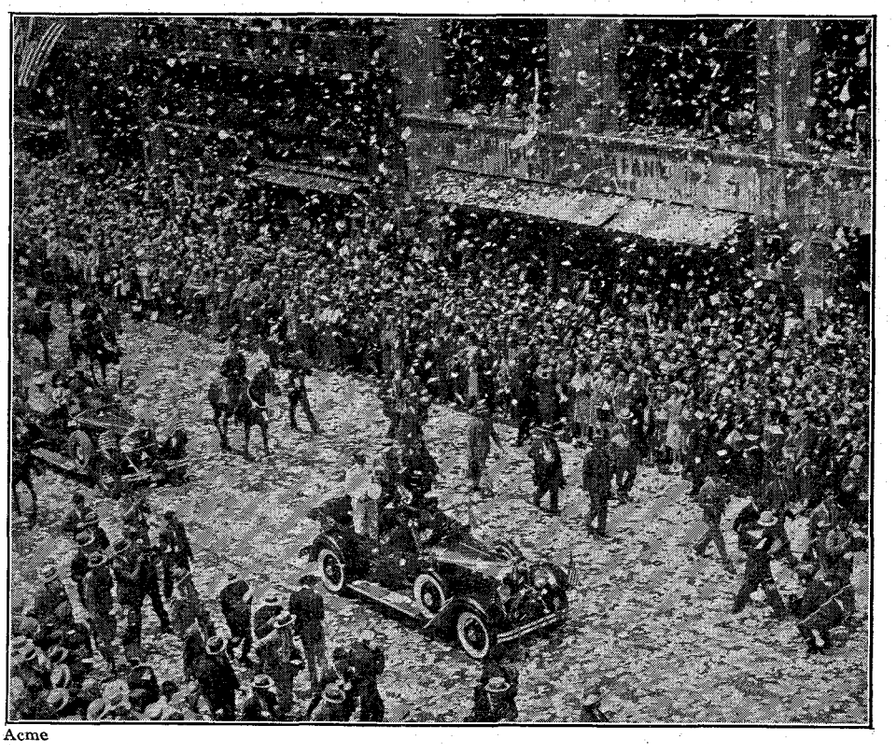
But we shall see. Hardly had the President, using six souvenir pens, finished writing on the bill his "Approved June 17, 1930, at 12:59 P. M., Herbert Hoover," when Senator Borah introduced a resolution directing the Tariff Commission to investigate and report upon the rates—which he considers excessive—on shoes, furniture, cement, hose, shovels, spades, scoops, forks, rakes, scythes, sickles, grass hooks, corn knives and drainage tools. Next day the Senate adopted this resolution, broadening it to include bells, wire fencing and wire netting. We shall see when or whether the Tariff Commission recommends reductions. We shall see when or whether President Hoover approves such reductions. We shall see when or whether such reductions are put into effect.

Meanwhile, there is no reason whatever to hope for any general decrease in rates. Had President Hoover desired any such thing he would have said so while Congress was considering the bill. Or, at least, he would have said so in his recent statement announcing that he would approve the bill. He said nothing of the sort. So far as we know, the rates of the Hawley-Smoot law are, as a whole, right to his taste. Now, he, who favors these rates, will appoint the Tariff Commissioners, and the Congress, which wrote these rates, will confirm them. To put it mildly, commissioners thus nominated and thus confirmed will not be free-traders.

The articles named in the Borah resolution will, of course, send the Tariff Commission into an exhaustive investigation. The commissioners will take a few thousand volumes of testimony at hearings attended by all interested parties and, after a century or two, they will urge that the rates be revised by forty-nine per cent—upward. Here, of course, we exaggerate, but perhaps not as much as might be supposed. Even were the commission to recommend, even were the President to approve, sharp downward revision of all these rates, that would be only seventeen. Remember that Congress raised the rates on no fewer than 887 items. With the best intentions in the world, no Tariff Commission could make this bad tariff law a good one.

▶▶*Homecoming*

NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, RICHMOND, and his home town, Winchester, Virginia, roared successive welcomes to Admiral Byrd, returning after twenty-one months of high deeds down there. By no means the first Byrd reception, this was far and away the greatest. Eighty tons of ticker tape and telephone books fluttered from downtown office buildings as New York extended its



Acme

HAILING A HERO
How Lower Broadway greeted the returning Admiral Byrd

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greetings. Songs and verses have been written in Byrd's honor. Pictures of him fill the store windows. Several cities have planned a welcome tour which will take him as far west as St. Louis and keep him bowing and smiling for almost a month.

First man to fly over the North Pole, one of the earliest to fly the Atlantic, he has now circled the South Pole and claimed for his country more than 125,000 square miles of land. Though this last expedition was made partly in the interests of science, few Americans bother to speculate much on its possible additions to human knowledge of geology, meteorology, biology and the rest. For the present, the thought that there's gold (or its equivalent in other metals and coal) in those Queen Maude Mountains is left to the uncommonly long-sighted. Just now the public is interested in Byrd himself, the man less spectacular than sure, whose risky expeditions, prefaced with minute planning, usually run off with clockwork neatness and precision. The country had come to expect this of him, and, expecting it, had underestimated it. The warmth of the present reception, however, indicates that at last it is waking up to Byrd's real and extraordinary qualities.

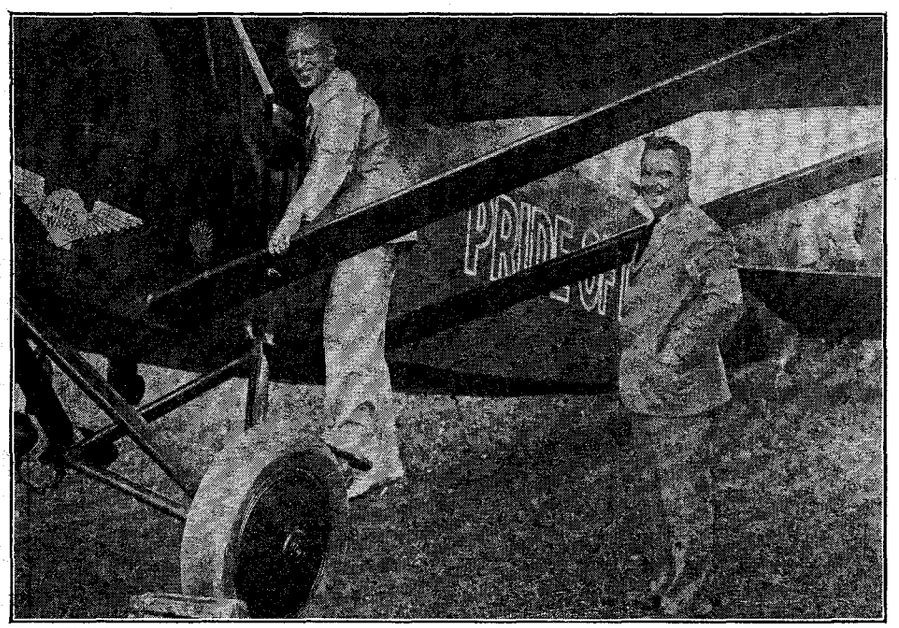
Geography aside, science aside, aviation aside, future developments aside—even pictures of ice wastes and penguins aside—it is Byrd the plucky adventurer and successful leader of men to whom America is offering its hearty welcome and its loudest cheers.

▶▶*Three More*

Aviators Brock and Schlee landed in San Diego, California, on June 17, having flown without a stop from Jacksonville, Florida, in a little less than fourteen hours. So doing they cut more than seven hours from the record for the course set by Lieutenant Doolittle eight years ago. On June 18, they landed back in Jacksonville, having flown from San Diego in a little less than seventeen hours, with but one stop, at Tallulah, Louisiana. Though the stop at Tallulah may destroy the comparison, the previous record for the California-to-Florida crossing, set by Major McCauley eleven years ago, was about two hours longer. The distance between Jacksonville and San Diego is approximately 2,110 miles.

Mexican Aviators Fierro and Cortes landed in Mexico City on the afternoon of June 21, having flown without a stop from New York in sixteen hours and a half. In 1927, Colonel Lindbergh, wandering off his course, took about ten and a half hours longer. The distance between New York and Mexico City is roughly the same as that between San Diego and Jacksonville.

That these three flights were of great value to aviation no one, apparently, has attempted to prove. They were simply three more of the innumerable long-distance hops from here to wherever which will be made as long as aviation is interested in putting its potentialities to test. Nor were the three flights of any great value as news. Probably most readers, noting that Brock and Schlee and Fierro and Cortes had started, took it for granted that they would reach their destinations. The public's easy confidence, indeed, may have been stronger than the facts justified, for Emilio Carranza, another Mexican aviator, attempting the New York-to-Mexico City hop two years ago, crashed and was killed, while, on the return from San Diego, Brock and Schlee several times feared they would be obliged to take to their parachutes.



Wide World

RECORD-BREAKERS

Edward F. Schlee climbing into plane while William Brock stands by

▶▶*Radio Center*

Over a period of years, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has acquired the property between Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues in New York City, with a view to dedicating it to his twin interests, Profit and Philanthropy. There, in the center of Manhattan Island, he wished to establish a great cultural center which should bear his name, benefit the American people and pay its own way. He offered the site to New York's aristocrat of amusements, the Metropolitan Opera Company. But the negotiations fizzled; no one knows exactly why; possibly because the opera, restricted in its appeal, recognized its limitations and decided to stay where it was.

No more was heard of the proposed cultural center until recently, when a great deal was heard. It is now definitely announced that on the three blocks will rise—well, a center, surely, with a microphone as its axis and Samuel L. Rothafel (Roxy) running free, but whether or not a cultural center, time alone can tell. The Radio City will be started this fall and finished in 1933, at a cost of something like $250,000,000. It will include a variety theatre, a sound film theatre, a musical comedy theatre and a house for the regular drama, as well as radio and television headquarters, a concert hall, shops, restaurant, gardens and possibly a church. Sound programs will be broadcast and when television comes into its own—as no one doubts it will—sight programs will be broadcast as well.

Whatever else the new project represents, it certainly seems to represent a sound investment. With programs constantly improving and television ahead,

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there is little doubt as to the financial future of the radio. The project may also represent the handwriting on the wall for the future of some old, familiar forms of culture and amusement, which may soon center largely around the receiving set.

For the present it means that midtown New York will have an imposing and well-planned group of buildings and the opportunity to reach the ear of the entire nation and possibly of the world. The proof of the project will be in the programs. They will be eagerly awaited.

▶▶*Excelsior*

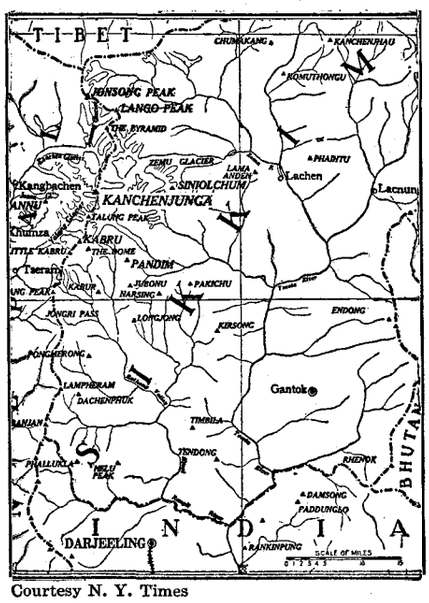
WHEN AN AVALANCHE blocked their assault on Kanchenjunga, the mountaineers bent on scaling the second highest peak in the world did not pack up their alpenstocks and go home. Instead, they transferred their activities to Jonsong Peak, only slightly less high. There, in the remote Asiatic wilderness, members of the international expedition climbed the loftiest summit ever reached by man. On the first attempt, two Germans alone were successful. On the second, success also rewarded four others.

Picking a way through snow and ice to high altitudes is not an easy pastime. Pitching camp twenty thousand feet up the rocky glacial slope, the climbers enjoyed beautiful sunsets but also experienced discomforts. A blizzard kept them in their sleeping bags all of one day, while the supply of provisions dwindled. On the succeeding night the wind rose and the temperature dropped to eighteen below zero, but next morning the party set out, wearing ice-spurs and cutting steps up the face of a glacier. Part way up one of the members fell ill and lay unconscious in the snow for more than an hour.

By a coincidence the second ascension took place on the sixth anniversary of the attempt by George Leigh Mallory and Arthur Comyn Irvine to climb 29,000-foot Mt. Everest, highest peak in the world. While Mallory and Irvine ascended much higher than the party at 24,000-foot Jonsong Peak, they never returned to tell the tale. Only in Asia do unscaled peaks now challenge those ambitious to carry banners with strange devices higher than any one else. The last Alp was climbed by 1910. Mt. McKinley, highest peak in Alaska and North America, was scaled in 1913. No doubt Kanchenjunga and even Mt. Everest will also surrender in time. Possibly the news from Jonsong Peak has already inspired stout-legged, deep-chested men to look up the price of rope and arrange for the hire of coolies.

▶▶*The Recall in Detroit*

IT REMAINED FOR DETROIT to threaten a mayor with loss of office. Following the discharge of his police commissioner and charges that he had winked at lawlessness, a movement was recently launched to turn out Mayor Bowles. In Detroit this may be done, first, by securing 90,000 signatures to a petition, and, secondly, by winning a referendum to be called within five, and held within twenty-five, days after the petition is



Courtesy N. Y. Times

SCENE OF THE MOUNTAIN CLIMB
Jonsong Peak lies to the north of Kanchenjunga, which remains unconquered

filed. The referendum simply decides whether the official should be removed. If the voters answer, "Yes," another election must be held, with the deposed office-holder's name on the ticket.

In this case more than 100,000 signatures were obtained to petitions asking the Mayor's removal. His friends, among them Henry Ford, met the challenge with legal moves designed to block the proceedings. The rights and wrongs of this case interest us less than the fact that Detroit not only has the machinery to remove a mayor but knows how to run it. That is extraordinary.

As In-Again-Out-Again Oklahoma reminded us last year, when star-guided Mr. Johnston was, in his own words, found "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Governors, and even Federal judges, are sometimes removed. More often, state and national officials get out before they are kicked out. But mayors do not get out and neither are they kicked out. However corrupt or incompetent, they go on to the end of their terms, either because there is no method of getting rid of them or because none is ever used.

For some reason or other, when it comes to mayors, our citizens are easily satisfied. Men become heads of cities who never would be elected to comparably important positions in state or nation. And, once in, there they stay. Obviously the sensible thing is to elect suitable city officials in the first place. If we can't or won't do that, the next best thing is to provide and use ways of removing them when they grow unbearable. Should the row in Detroit stimulate other cities to follow this course, it will serve a useful purpose.

▶▶*What Is Immunity?*

THE CASE OF Bishop Cannon *vs.* the Senate lobby committee has ended. Chairman Caraway has submitted to the Senate the committee's resolution against insisting that the Bishop answer its questions. Accompanying the resolution went a transcript of the Bishop's testimony. Accompanying the transcript went a speech by Chairman Caraway himself.

And a silly speech it was. "Certain people want to charge that Bishop Cannon was given immunity," said Senator Caraway. "That statement is an unqualified and deliberate falsehood, and whoever utters it does so with the knowledge that he is a common liar." So that, apparently, we are a common liar, for we certainly believe that Bishop Cannon was given immunity by the lobby committee. So that, apparently, practically every one familiar with this case is a common liar, for practically every one must believe that Bishop Cannon was given immunity.

Senator Caraway explained that the committee did not recommend that action be taken against any wrongdoer exposed by its inquiry. This is quite irrelevant. Nobody wanted the committee to recommend that action be taken against Bishop Cannon. All anybody asked of the lobby committee was ordinary consistency and common decency. All any one asked was that it establish one rule of conduct and stick to it.

The committee's rule was to interpret its powers very broadly indeed. So broadly that it even heckled a banker who had expressed on the tariff bill a

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personal opinion that had nothing whatever to do with lobbying. The committee obviously believed that to a large

Underwood

CHAIRMAN CARAWAY
Submits the Lobby Committee's report on the Cannon case to the Senate

extent political activities and political expenditures fell within its scope. Else why did it fine-comb the political activities of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment? Else why did it investigate the political expenditures of E. C. Jameson of New York? Yet, when Bishop Cannon refused to testify, the committee suddenly decided that it had no authority to treat him as it had repeatedly treated others. Thus giving him immunity, it seriously impaired the country's confidence in Senate investigations. Worse, it seriously impaired the country's confidence in the Senate.

▶▶*Cannon Under Fire*

IT HAD BEEN expected that Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts would have something to say about Bishop Cannon on the floor of the House. What he said was scorching.

Why, he asked, was much of the $65,000 contributed to the Bishop by E. C. Jameson for use against Smith paid in cash? Why did Bishop Cannon, until February 15, 1929, conceal receipt of money from Mr. Jameson, though up to January 2 his anti-Smith committee had filed four reports of receipts and expenditures, including expenditures in Virginia? Why on February 15 did he report the receipt of only $17,000?

Mr. Tinkham scorned the explanation that the remaining $48,000 was spent in one state, Virginia, and that, therefore, no report under the Federal corrupt practices act was necessary. He insisted that it was plainly necessary and that the necessity was recognized when reports were made on other Cannon expenditures in Virginia. When Bishop Cannon challenged him to repeat his charges outside of Congress, he replied in a public statement insisting that the Bishop was "a shameless violator of the Federal corrupt practices act."

At the time when Bishop Cannon was receiving money from Mr. Jameson, persisted Mr. Tinkham in his House speech, did he owe "any money to Kable & Co., or Harry L. Goldhurst, who operated a 'bucket-shop,' and who subsequently was prosecuted and convicted . . . for using the mails to defraud, and with whom Bishop Cannon is now known to have had extensive transactions shortly before his receipt of contributions from E. C. Jameson?" Mr. Tinkham's clear implication became even clearer when he asked Bishop Cannon whether he had used any of the Jameson money on account of personal indebtedness.

Until the Bishop, under oath and subject to cross-examination, has shown when, where and for what purposes he expended the $48,000, said Mr. Tinkham, he will stand "convicted in the eyes of all honest men of having appropriated that money to his own uses."

This, of course, is rough treatment. Yet the Bishop has only himself to blame for it. The attack could not have been made had he returned full, frank and clinching answers to queries like these before the Senate lobby committee. Instead, he refused to testify, arguing that his personal and political activities were beyond the committee's scope. Inconsistently and cravenly, the committee agreed with him, but that did not help his case with the general public. It is not strange that, having thus escaped questioning within the committee room, he should find himself thus questioned outside it.

▶▶*Chicago's Clean-Up*

CHICAGO'S KNOTTY CRIME PROBLEM divides itself into two parts. First, the city must discover, convict and punish the murderer of Alfred J. Lingle, *Tribune* police reporter. Secondly, it must give itself a general overhauling.

At the time of this writing the first part of the problem remained disconcertingly unsolved; the killer was still at liberty. To the second part the city was addressing itself with considerable determination. How long this will last is a question. If it does not last for many months, if Chicago soon lapses into its old complacency, all the outcries over the Lingle killing will have been wasted breath. Meanwhile, what has been done thus far looks fairly promising.

Today we hear less of Chicago's theatrical anti-crime moves and more of its steady, sensible efforts to cure a long-standing and stubborn municipal disease. To this end various civic-minded agencies, including the Church Federation, Crime Commission, newspapers and Association of Commerce, are heartily co-operating. The Police Department is due for an investigation and shake-up. Police Commissioner Russell and Deputy Commissioner Stege, who resigned under heavy criticism, have been succeeded by Acting Commissioner Alcock. Gangsters and racketeers are reported in flight, though this news was somewhat discounted when one of their leaders was killed in customary underworld fashion right in the midst of the clean-up.

Plainly, the job of combating crime in Chicago will be a stiff one. Its diffi-

Wide World

CLEAN-UP MAN
John H. Alcock, Acting Police Commissioner of Chicago

culties will increase rather than diminish as time goes on and criminals lately rounded up are released, while those

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now in flight or hiding resume their familiar practices. Then again, there is always prohibition, which Commissioner Russell, retiring, termed an insurmountable obstacle. That may have been an alibi, but it was none the less a good one.

Yet much can be done to improve conditions even under prohibition. The country is watching skeptically to see whether Chicago will do it. It will have self-interest to stimulate it. If Chicago does not put its house in order, the prospects for its World's Fair in 1933 will be gravely injured.

▸▸Ford Fun

ON THE POINT OF transplanting to foreign soil his magic formula of Increasing Wages and Production by Increasing the Consumer's Capacity to Buy, the Wizard of Detroit finds himself stumped by a practical problem. He does not know, nor can any one tell him offhand, what daily wage in Manchester, Rotterdam or Marseilles will equal in purchasing power the $7 a day minimum received by his workers in Detroit. Vegetables, he assumes, come higher in Detroit than in Marseilles. Moreover, does not every one know that ten French families could live on what one American family throws away? On the other hand, he has heard—and we know has been saddened to hear—that when it comes to recreation European workers are likely to elect the expensive pleasures of concert or café.

The matter requires statistics—and statistics will soon be forthcoming. For the past five months, Department of Labor experts have prowled Detroit streets with flashlights and notebooks, discovering how the typical Ford employee spends his $7 a day. Their report has just been completed. With this as a basis, cost-of-living comparisons will be made in the seventeen foreign cities in which Ford already has or expects to have manufacturing plants. Everything must be uniform—not only the size of the No. 4 screws and No. 7 bolts manufactured here and abroad, but the amount of money for recreation which both American and foreign Ford workers shall have left over when they have provided themselves with the necessities of life.

It is this feature of the report which surprises us. In summing up comparative costs of living, account is plainly being taken of comparative costs of recreation. Isn't there some mistake? We know, for he has frequently told us, that Mr. Ford abhors waste. We would not like to see him or his statisticians wasting time on this matter of Ford employees' recreation, which will surely be the same in every country, though Ford factories be placed end to end to make a girdle round the world.

Ford workers, we feel sure, have no individual tastes in recreation. Each worker, on being hired, is issued a fiddle and a set of lessons on how to play old tunes. Then, his day's work done, he assembles his children, just home from the Little Red Schoolhouse, and lines them up for an evening of square dances. And so, no doubt, through the list of Fordisms, far into the night.

Remarkable Remarks

Platform promises must not be empty gestures.—HERBERT HOOVER.

President Hoover's statement on the tariff act has impressed the country by its political sincerity.—NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE.

One must admit that it would have required great courage to veto the tariff bill.—SENATOR JOSEPH T. ROBINSON.

The nomination of Dwight W. Morrow as Republican candidate for the United States Senate from New Jersey is without significance.—SENATOR MORRIS SHEPPARD.

Undoubtedly many who voted for Morrow are opposed to liquor, but saw no danger of dry law repeal by the election of just another wet from New Jersey.—REV. DR. F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

The term "politician" should be a badge of honor.—JAMES R. SHEFFIELD.

Healthy human beings do not suffer from sex-obsession.—WICKHAM STEED IN THE OUTLOOK.

Divorce really results from marital mistakes.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

I'm homesick, I miss my husband, and my little home in California.—HELEN WILLS MOODY.

Oh, TEXas GUInan, you darling! How are you?—AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON.

▸▸The Football Issue

NOW THAT Secretary of War Hurley, Major General Drum and members of Congress have devoted their attention to it, the subject of football at West Point is apparently just where it was. Representative Fish of New York wants to maintain "the high amateur standing and glorious traditions of football" at the Military Academy. He is therefore disturbed to note that, since 1920, six of nine football captains have resigned within four years after graduation and that the teams are largely composed of former college players. Whereas Major General Drum, who has just made an exhaustive investigation at the request of Secretary Hurley, isn't distressed at all. Nor is he much disturbed by charges that West Point has scouted for and subsidized its players.

All full of facts and figures, the Drum report was jammed into the defenseless *Congressional Record* by Representative Fitzgerald of Ohio. It picks a minor flaw or two but in general finds that athletics at West Point meet the Academy's high standards. There hasn't been much scouting and there hasn't been any subsidizing. Comparatively few former college players have figured on the teams and not many have resigned.

This report infuriates Mr. Fish, who was born up West Point way and used to tackle its coaches, or maybe it was coach its tackles. He replies with facts and figures to prove that the Drum statement is "ridiculous and twisted."

Which leaves us deadlocked. Yet, really, the question is not so very difficult. If our Cabinet members, major generals and Congressmen can't agree on it, why not turn it over to one of the stenographers in the War Department? She would probably issue an order forbidding West Point to use former college players, or to subsidize or scout for its athletes, and preventing cadets from resigning within four years after graduation. Given ten minutes on a dull morning and the average competent stenographer doubtless could settle this question not only intelligently but with at least a rudimentary sense of proportion.

▸▸In Brief

NOW TO ARRANGE A match between the Lindberghs' son and Paulina Longworth. . . . Busman's holiday: Former Secretary of the Interior Fall has applied to the Government for a pension. . . . . "The final figures were Morrow 421,771, Fort 117,357, Frelinghuysen 48,643." Thus some historian may start a chapter of his book describing how prohibition came to an end. . . . Ambassador Dawes has found that for twenty years he has been wearing "a damned uncomfortable collar." Now, Ambas-

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sador, have a cigar. . . . "There is every reason to believe," says Representative Wood of the Republican Congressional Committee, "that recent manipulations in the New York stock market . . . . have been of political inspiration and intended to discredit the National Administration." Why has no one else ever pointed out that Wall Street is a ruthlessly Democratic thoroughfare?

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE DISCOVER that President Hoover's attitude toward the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill has been quite generally misunderstood by economic and editorial commentators, and therefore by the public. Due to his part in the expansion of our foreign trade, his reputed disdain for party shibboleths, and his supposed international outlook, it has been assumed that he signed the measure under political duress, and that, in indorsing this hodge-podge of excessive and indiscriminate protectionism, he did so with his tongue in his cheek. Those who predicted that his policies would be those of a world statesman rather than a partisan have criticised his action as another instance of the transformation that has come over him since he entered the White House, as well as of a lack of courage and candor.

This view is quite unfair to Mr. Hoover, since nothing could be further from the truth. Without professing any understanding of his mental processes, we do know that he looked upon the completed measure as one which deserved his signature with all six old-fashioned, wooden quills. Despite his seeming aloofness during the tariff debate, he followed it closely from the time the bill was framed by the House Ways and Means Committee more than eighteen months ago. Although he could not afford to say so—since such familiars as Representative Franklin W. Fort of New Jersey and ex-Representative Walter Newton, now the President's political liaison officer, voted for it—Mr. Hoover was deeply disappointed with the House bill.

The bill did not, in his opinion, make good his campaign pledge of "limited revision," for the Longworth-Tilson-Snell - Hawley - Treadway - Bacharach gang had given him a mid-Victorian rather than a twentieth century measure. The President, we understand, then found that one's best friends can be the worst enemies, for had they not produced such a legislative abortion, the bill would have been born long ago and without half the travail that attended its deliverance.

Mr. Hoover realizes, too, we hear, that had he intervened when the original sin was committed in the chamber of the House committee, he might have saved himself and his party a great deal of pain. But he was then new to the White House and still under the ancient spell that the three branches of the government should attend to minding their own business.

He has, we understand, paid such penance for that theory that he will not err again in this respect, as he demonstrated when the tariff conferees framed a flexible provision that did not please him, and also when Messrs. Moses and Longworth beseeched him to let the Senate delay ratification of the London naval treaty until December. In both of these instances he acted firmly and quickly, letting weary members of Congress alone to fall where they may.

Kirby in St. Louis Post Dispatch

"Now then, show some speed"

Again we profess ignorance of how he reached such a conclusion, but we understand the President considered the Senate Finance Committee's rates a vast improvement over the House bill. He was downcast at slashes in certain industrial rates and increases on farm products made by the Progressive-Democratic Coalition, even though he stirred "Old Joe" Grundy's wrath about this time with a newspaper interview suggesting that the "sons of the wild jackass" were doing a statesmanlike job. The President's hopes of getting satisfactory duties rose as the so-called Grundy Coalition took control, and succeeded in ripping out the Borah-Harrison amendments. Except for such "imperfections" as the duties on lumber and shoes, Mr. Hoover's ideas were faithfully carried out by the G. O. P. conferees, and the final bill was infinitely more satisfactory to him than it was to the much maligned Mr. Grundy.

Mr. Hoover, however, long ago ceased to worry about his tariff troubles. What gives him grief now is the strange and unexplainable behavior of the stock market. Each decline, we are told, is reflected in a droop of spirits which he cannot conceal from friends or foes. The White House circle, we hear, feels quite bitterly against what it calls "the New York crowd," and we suspect that the President's friends regard the successive slumps as part of a deliberate effort to discredit his administration. Mr. Hoover has never forgiven or forgotten the movement sponsored by these same interests to prevent his nomination, and it would not be surprising if similar prejudices were attributed to his 1928 antagonists.

Rightly or wrongly, the view prevails here that the "big boys," besides cashing in on the market's pirouetting, would not order sackcloth and ashes if it embarrassed the President. Each "crash," we noted, seemed timed to accompany or echo a rosy statement on business and industrial conditions by the President, Secretary Mellon, Majority Leader Watson, or by that pollyanna propagandist of the Administration, "Puddler Jim" Davis. In fact, the chronology of encomiums and "crashes" has been so consistent that it impresses veteran observers as more than coincidence. It may be, however, that Wall Street is simply giving unfortunate expression to the Capital's view that statesmanship consists of something more than statements.

A. F. C.

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The Prosperity Ballyhoo

Radio listeners and newspaper readers may have noticed that the Cabinet's professional prosperity ballyhooers are again abroad in the land. Cheerfully, they hand out stones instead of bread, reminding practical men who need no reminder that since last November and particularly since last January the country has been suffering from one of those recurring periods of economic depression, which are the bugaboo of Republican statesmen and the one real fear of millions of Americans unprepared to be out of work for any length of time.

This particular depression began, superficially, with a stock market crash, the possibility of which some economists and a few bankers—notably foreign ones—foresaw, but which the general public, with the assistance of some of our leading public men, refused to believe could occur, so long as Republicans were elected to office.

ONCE IT WAS fully upon us, President Hoover and a group of industrial leaders did what they could to assure the country that it was fundamentally sound by asking everybody to go to work. Industries were urged to go full speed ahead, the public was exhorted to keep on buying until it hurt, and every business man was urged to increase his advertising appropriation, although some of those who did the urging did not follow their own advice. Our economic structure, we had been repeatedly told, had fundamentally changed since mass production had arrived, with its high wages and huge output. Now, if we simply kept on with "business as usual," all would soon be well.

DESPITE THESE EFFORTS, depression followed its familiar course. Once the flutter of Christmas buying had passed, the old familiar signs appeared—bread lines, unemployment, slackening of trade, hand to mouth buying. Prosperity by incantation, as H. L. Mencken aptly termed it, refused to work. Gentlemen's agreements to ignore bad times in the press and elsewhere did not help business in the least. Instead, for the last six months, poverty has been the lot of many and many a family whose bread winner could not find work. Worry and the fear of bankruptcy have been the daily companions of thousands of business men. Stock market prices have steadily refused to respond to the pulmotor, and only in commercial lines in the last few days are we reliably informed of genuine signs of a change for the better.

At last, in two or three major channels of distribution, the stocks of goods on hand have reached the vanishing point and a resumption of buying is inevitable. Investigation shows that at the ordinary rate October or November may see the end of this particular depression and that gradually thereafter prosperity may return in full flood. The people of the country have used up what they have and they must buy again. Factories will soon feel the pressure of genuine demand once more.

THIS IS good news. Many a business man who did not forget the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, and who pushed courageously ahead, will be rewarded. Many a bread winner who did not lose courage will find himself strengthened in character by the ordeal, and resolved not to be caught thus again without savings. And in proportion to the courage and initiative which other individuals and businesses show now, they will be rewarded. The time has come to make new commitments and push ahead. Meanwhile, however, what are we to think of those men in Congress who either by bunkum or bland silence have tried to ignore the plight of people they were elected to represent? In the welter of tariff discussions, prosperity promising, naval treaty verbosities, cheap and contemptible Senate committees, where has there been shown either disposition or ability to recognize the main problem, aside from prohibition, which has been in the mind of every American these last six months? What has Senator Borah had to suggest? What have been the workings of the ineffable minds of Jim Watson, Tad Caraway, Robinson of Indiana, and the rest of the older statesmen? What important recommendations either for ameliorating the present situation or making its inevitable consequences less painful has the President sent to Congress? Specifically, has any Senator or Congressman advanced any bill likely to be of use in the future to the business interests and the wage earners of the country?

JUST ONE: Senator Wagner, a Democrat. The Senator from New York introduced three bills. One for the collection of unemployment statistics by the Department of Labor. Another for a public works program to be instituted whenever industry slackens. The third for a nation-wide system of government employment agencies. Pushed on by hundreds of economists, sociologists and statisticians, and the American Federation of Labor, the Senate discussed these bills and to its honor passed them. The House Judiciary Committee, representing the Republican majority opinion, either emasculated them or sent them to die in a pigeon hole. That was all. Is it to be all? We do not like to think so.

LATEST INDICATIONS ARE that the President will call a special session of the Senate to consider and pass the naval treaty—a treaty about which there can be little discussion that is important. Disgruntled naval experts to the contrary, it changes the present actualities little if at all, and is dependent upon outside factors for even the small advance toward limitation of arms which it may effect. Italy or France has only to decide to build more ships and the whole business goes up in smoke. The treaty signers will be forced to build more vessels in exact ratio.

We earnestly recommend to the President that he call a special session, not only of the Senate, but of the House as well. We earnestly recommend that he put the original Wagner bills, or bills of a similar nature, upon the agenda for the special session, and precipitate a full and open discussion of the whole problem of economic depressions and what can be done to overcome them or to meet them in advance. Stuffed shirt politics do not sit well on an empty stomach. By all means pass the naval treaty. Then let us have a little business leadership. And let us have an end to ballyhooers and their ballyhooey.

The Editors

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France and the Tourist

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

DIRE prophecies, made months ago, are coming true. American tourists are not coming here in the enormous numbers which American tourist invasions of the first post-war years had led Paris to expect.

Paris hotelkeepers are shaking their heads sadly. So are Paris restaurateurs and dressmakers. So are Paris theatre magnates and proprietors of "American bars" and impresarios of sightseeing automobiles and vendors of picture postcards and hopeful enunciators of the phrase "Want a guide, sir?"

The Americans are here, in thousands, but—there are not enough of them! French hopes of harvests from tourists have been running too high. There has been over-confidence among French reapers. They had come to the belief that France needed to make no efforts to lure tourists, that all she had to do was to sit back, scorning the advertising devices employed by competitors, and levy toll on tourist armies, constantly growing in size, pouring ever more eagerly into her territory. Instead, the size of those armies has shrunk and the tourists have become more fussy and sensitive, more prone to turn their eyes toward other European countries which, for years, have envied France her supremacy as a magnet for foreign travelers.

Supreme she still is—but her supremacy is not what it was. Hence wailing and gnashing of teeth in that section of the French population which, in some form or other, lives on "le tourisme." Hence increasing signs that France does not mean to be caught napping again, that she intends to meet her competitors with their own weapons and put up a stiff fight in the great European war for winning American dollars.

THE DECLINE in the amount of profit accruing to the French from tourists may be ascribed to a number of causes.

Among these not the least important is that too many hotels have been built in France, especially in Paris. Believing that the tourist invasion would not only not decrease but increase with the years, enterprising Parisians and others built hotel after hotel, many fitted with the most modern improvements—the kind of thing which, they knew but too well, Americans insisted upon more and more loudly on their European travels.

Unfortunately, with the decrease in the number of foreign visitors, many of these new hotels are almost empty and few can show a record anywhere near the sanguine expectations of those who built and equipped them. As for the older hotels, which, in the course of years, have become favorites with foreigners visiting France, they also are suffering for a twofold reason: the decrease in the total number of tourists visiting France and the fact that some of their clients have been lured away to the newer hostelries—not enough to satisfy the latter yet enough to affect disadvantageously the revenue of the older houses.

Another cause is the steady rise in prices which has taken place in Europe. Americans have been shouting from the housetops for a long time that there is a tendency there to "gouge" them. To this accusation the French retort heatedly that their charges, despite increases, remain smaller than what Americans would have to pay in their own country for hotel accommodation, meals at restaurants, theatres, railway travel, automobiles and the like. But American "kickers" refuse to be silenced; accustomed to finding France not only pleasant but cheap, they are disconsolate at the changes in French prices. This attitude, combined with the fact that many Americans have been cutting down expenses since the stock exchange slump of last autumn, is one of the main reasons for the decreased revenue of the French from "le tourisme."

Another is the remarkable activity displayed in recent years by other countries of Europe in trying to increase their revenues from this source. As a consequence, thousands of tourists who would, if left to themselves, have spent a good part of their time and dollars in Paris and elsewhere in France have curtailed their French sojourn in order to take a look at other parts of Europe—or else, in some cases, even left France entirely out of their itineraries.

AS THE AMERICAN tide ebbs and the French wonder sadly what they must do to maintain the supremacy of their country as a magnet for tourists, they become increasingly conscious of still another reason why things are not what they used to be in the tourist world. This is the conspicuous lack, among travelers for pleasure, of Russians, and, to a lesser but still considerable extent, of Germans and Austrians.

Before the War the Russians were born tourists and born spenders. They wandered all over Europe, but, wherever they went, they were sure to gravitate to Paris, there to throw about their money lavishly. They poured into the gay resorts of France—Nice, Cannes, Vichy and the rest—eager for a good time, eager to pay for it. Those were the good old days! "Les Russes!—ah, les Russes!"—the eyes of many a Frenchman are sad as he sighs those words. Despite the enormous numbers of Americans visiting France, they have never entirely offset the disappearance, since the collapse of Romanoff Russia, of the hosts of open-handed travelers from the land of the Czars.

France could also rely, before the War, on numerous subjects of the Hohenzollerns of Germany and of the Hapsburgs of Austria-Hungary, who came yearly to Paris. But German and Austrian tourists are not what they used to be. The Germans, for one thing, are not so plentiful. Many of them are kept away by war-bred feelings of hostility to the French, or by the fear that the French may feel too hostile to welcome to France as tourists bent on pleasure those who invaded her a few years ago as soldiers bent on conquest. Other Germans keep away from France because they cannot afford to travel on the scale common in Germany before 1914. This, also, is true of Austrians who have had too hard a time getting along at all to devote any money to visiting France on pleasure.

Taken all in all, the tourist situation—though by no means such as to deserve the name of "crisis"—is a serious matter in France. Undoubtedly, if matters do not improve, steps will be taken by the French government and by organizations and individuals in France to find a remedy. But whatever they do, they can scarcely help matters this season. Unless something like a miracle happens, French hotelkeepers and restaurateurs, and all the rest of those dependent for livelihood on "le tourisme," will continue, throughout the rest of this year, to wail and gnash their teeth.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Why Not Advertising?

THE doctors have never disagreed more violently or more vocally than during their recent consultations beside the sick-bed of American business. Every new specialist who is brought in diagnoses a fresh complication and urges a new medication or operation. They can't all be right.

Why not try systematic injections of advertising? Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. We are in a buyer's market, but that doesn't mean that the buyer can't or won't buy. As a matter of fact, if he is canny he knows that this is the best of all possible times to buy. Bargains are coming out of their hiding-places and begging, in sign language, to be appropriated. If they can be made completely articulate, the public will certainly respond. To make them so, and give them a voice that all can hear and understand, is the function of advertising.

Goods on shelves or in warehouses can speak only in the low voice. In shop windows the tone is a bit clearer, but still not distinct enough to reach many ears. No matter how useful or beautiful the wares may be, or how reasonably priced, they cannot possibly go buyer-hunting under their own power. Magazines and newspapers, however, go everywhere, and manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers who make judicious use of advertising space during the next few months are going to have the joy that always comes when a harvest follows a famine.

G. E. Adjusts Employment

WHEN Professor Paul H. Douglas suggested to the American Statistical Association a few weeks ago that unemployment insurance was bound to come, he may not have suspected that definite action in that direction would materialize as speedily as it has. Even while Dr. Douglas was addressing the statisticians, Gerard Swope must have been busy on his plan for General Electric, which State Industrial Commissioner Frances Perkins has appraised as "of world-wide significance, embodying a piece of industrial statesmanship of the first order."

The keystone of the Swope plan follows closely the Douglas specifications, —joint contributions by the corporation and its employees to a stabilization fund. Every one on the payroll, from the president down to the newest office-boy, will turn in one per cent of his salary or wages. Executives, however, will be required to contribute only "in emergency," when more money is being paid out for relief than is being turned into the fund for dues. The lowest relief payment will be $10.00 a week, and the highest $20.00.

General Electric has about 75,000 employees in the United States, distributed among its various plants. The plan will be presented to each unit separately, and will be put into effect as soon as all the units have ratified it. The real significance of this step is by no means limited to the electrical field. In the light of General Electric's importance at home and its extensive ramifications abroad its stabilization plan may easily start a widespread movement among large industrial concerns of all kinds which will ultimately lead the way to a real solution of the hitherto baffling problem of unemployment.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 21—86.2. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) June 21—78.0.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended June 7—935,647 cars (increase of 75,398 over preceding week; reduction of 120,121 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 14—68% of capacity (reduction of 3% under preceding week and of 28% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 14—daily average gross 2,571,500 barrels (reduction of 16,550 under preceding week and of 171,750 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended June 14—1,863,000 bushels (increase of 869,000 over preceding week; reduction of 228,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 19—$13,082,429,000 (increase of 21.2% over preceding week and of 2.9% over same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 19—487 (reduction of 2 under preceding week; increase of 60 over same week of 1929).

Acute Motoritis

AUTOMOBILE registration in New York state for 1929 reached the record-breaking total of 2,263,259, of which 1,922,068 were passenger cars and 341,191 trucks. California registered the second highest number of passenger cars,—1,763,308,—and leads the nation in the number of cars per unit of population (one for every 2 1-2 persons). New York has one passenger car to every 6 persons, and the average for the entire country is one car to every 5.

In the light of these figures, our present serious traffic congestion seems natural, not to say inevitable. Fortunately, however, we are not admitting that the congestion problem has us licked. We are fighting it on all fronts and making real progress.

How much does traffic congestion cost us in dollars? According to an estimate submitted at the Third National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, held in Washington in May, it is about $2,000,000,000 a year. This includes the cost of accidents, loss of time at points in congested areas, and the hampering effect of difficult access on business and real estate values.

Suggested relief measures include better traffic control at congested intersections; standard rules governing turns; more general marking of traffic lanes; improved parking regulations; and more through highways. These all cost money, but it should be charged to investment rather than expense. We can't afford not to do it.

A Picture of Business

American Industry and Commerce (Ginn, $4.00), by Edward Dana Durand, ties in splendidly with the chief objective of this page, which is to stress the idea that business consists of production, distribution and consumption, without particular regard to the ups and downs of stock market speculation.

Starting with our national income and standards of living, Mr. Durand sketches our economic progress, emphasizing particularly the remarkable developments which took place during the nineteenth century. Primary factors described are population and national resources; secondary factors, education, labor, capital, heat and power, mass production and system, "the reasoned conduct of business." Special chapters on economic geography, agriculture, mining, manufactures, transportation and communication complete a story which is as thrilling as any novel, and far more so than some that might be named.

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▶▶ Discovering a New Situation ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

IN THE PERIOD from 1925 to 1929 we became so accustomed to thinking of industry only in terms of expansion that many of us are now finding it hard to adjust our ideas to the new situation which has confronted us for nearly a year. In 1926 the showing for output, sales and profits was better than in 1925; in 1927 it was better than for 1926, and so on for each year until we reached 1930.

This year, for the first time in a long period, we are confronted with a series of business indices which register a marked decline from the corresponding period of the preceding year. Automobile, coal, copper, pig iron, steel and lumber production, the mill consumption of wool and cotton, building contracts, freight-car loadings, bank clearings, imports, exports and data of employment have all showed a recession thus far in 1930 as compared with the preceding year.

But something else has happened in connection with this downturn which seems to have caused more surprise than the downturn itself. Profits have shrunk in a much greater degree than has either gross income or the volume of production.

In the nature of things this was bound to occur, but this fact seems to have been generally overlooked until it was suddenly brought to knowledge by the publication of earnings figures for the first months of 1930. In its monthly review for June the Federal Reserve Bank of New York reported that the net profits of 257 industrial and mercantile companies for the first quarter of this year were twenty-two per cent smaller than for the same period of 1929. For railroads data of net operating income are available for the first four months of the current year, and as compared with the corresponding period a year ago they show a decrease of thirty-two per cent.

THE STRIKING thing about these shrinkages is the extent to which they have exceeded the drop in the amount of business transacted. The gross revenue of the railroads, which measures fairly well the volume of transportation in a period when there have been no rate changes, fell only 12 per cent while earnings were declining 32 per cent. The decline in car loadings corresponds roughly with the decline in gross revenues, and so is likewise much smaller than the shrinkage in net income. The same principle holds true with regard to industries. The volume of industrial output during the first quarter of this year ranged from 10 to 12 per cent below that of 1929, while profits, as we have seen, dropped 22 per cent.

Utilities in this period have made a much better showing than have railway and industrial concerns. The net earnings of 201 utility companies during the first quarter of this year were 1.2 per cent larger than in 1929. Apparently, the demand for the services of these companies is less elastic than is the demand for goods; that is to say, it fluctuates much less with changes in purchasing power. When business activity slackens, the average consumer will economize in his purchases of merchandise a long time before he begins to think of cutting down his consumption of gas and electricity. The diminished consumption of goods means a smaller movement of freight, and so railway earnings have been moving downward with those of industrial companies, while the utilities have held their own.

On the whole, it would seem that well-managed utilities offer greater prospects of stable profits than do the other groups. They are selling a necessity, and their customers buy from them every day. There is no price-cutting, no carry-over of unsalable goods, and rarely any competition. This probably explains the preference shown by the public for utility stocks and the relatively low yield-basis on which such securities have been selling.

ALL LARGE-SCALE industries tend to operate with diminishing expense; the greater the number of units produced, the less the cost per unit. This was especially noticeable during the boom of 1929. In the first four months of that year the gross operating income of the Class I railways of the United States showed a gain of 5 per cent over the previous year, while their net earnings in the same period increased 23 per cent. A moment's consideration of this tendency of profits to increase faster than total income, in the case of large business units, will throw a great deal of light on the boom psychology which developed in the stock market in 1928 and 1929.

With the volume of business rapidly expanding, scores of large industrial concerns were sharing the experience just cited for the railways. They had reached the point where every increase of, say, one per cent in their business meant an increase of perhaps two or three per cent in their profits. This was at once reflected in the price of their stocks. Traders consequently began to pay very little attention to current yields in gauging the value of their shares. Prospective earnings became the determining influence, and with the volume of business attaining new records and piling up larger and still larger net earnings, it was not long before the imagination of the market operators and of the general public as well was captured by the prospect.

The fallacy in this, as every one now knows, lay in the assumption that business activity would continue to expand indefinitely. But those who mentioned the possibility of a reaction usually found themselves the objects of scorn and pity. So long as business continued month after month to expand and profits to grow at an accelerated rate it was only natural that prices of stocks should tend to discount prospective developments.

Now that the volume of business has ceased to expand and has been contracting over a considerable period, the trend of profits is exactly the reverse of that of a year ago. They are declining at an accelerated rate. The stock market has been slow to awake to this entirely normal development. After the autumn panic the prevalence of cheap money and the repeated assurances from Washington that business would fully recover within a few weeks served to give stock prices a new fillip which canceled about forty per cent of the big slump. As time went on, however, and trade and industry failed to register the officially predicted improvement, the market first fell into the doldrums, with trading sluggish and the movement of prices indecisive, and then, as earnings reports and other business data remained persistently unsatisfactory, there finally came a definite movement toward a readjustment of stock prices to conform with the newly discovered economic situation.

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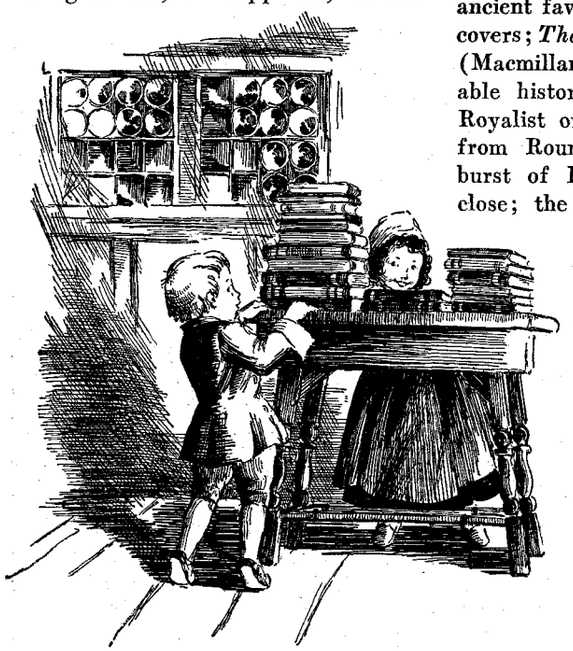
The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Children's Books This Summer

ONE WHO CAN stretch his memory back over ten years remembers when books for the young came out approximately once a year, all at once and in time for Christmas. If your birthday came at mid-year, you had an old book, sometimes as old as three or even six months. This being a catastrophe from whose very shadow the adult mind seems to recoil, the child has been progressively protected from its possibility until now the young mind gets its rations hot and hot, and the publishing season for juveniles is practically continuous. Spring, however, notoriously quickens production, and books for children blossom all over my study-floor, heaped indeed in such piles as to make navigation all but impossible. Marooned in the midst—for if once in a while one may not speak of seas of flowers, what is a metaphor-mixer good for?—I scan the bright jackets and select for review on the test of the quality of the sensation that comes back as I behold it. For I have read all these books here blooming brightly on the floor, and having kept one happy habit of childhood, a child's book remains with me as an instant and definite sensation—of gratitude, of happiness, of displeasure—if it remains at all. For a good book for a child strikes him all at once and beyond a doubt; he likes it or he doesn't, and against that young judgment there is no appeal. He has always an avenue of escape from new books that he does not like, leading to the battered volumes that he does. The "juvenile" of 1930 competes not only with other 1930 juveniles but with books back to heaven knows when.



A drawing by Esther Brann in "Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods" (Longmans, Green)

A shrewd knowledge of this situation has no doubt brought back some of the ancient favorites now appearing in new covers; *The Children of the New Forest*, (Macmillan), Captain Marryat's admirable historical novel of a family of Royalist orphans hiding in the woods from Roundhead persecution, with a burst of Restoration splendor at the close; the cautionary tales of Maria Edgeworth, in *Simple Susan* (Macmillan), presenting to a looser period the tight-laced conduct of children like Rosamund of the famous purple jar, or the celebrated Harry and Lucy. There is a new Chaucer in contemporary spelling — I like to think it so rather than as a "translation"—the lovely *Canterbury Tales* put by Frank E. Hill into smooth living language without the charming stumbling-blocks of Middle English to the modern mind. Longmans published this in appropriate dress; the six most famous tales are here. The backward track leads us even to Lucian, and now that it has one wonders why his possibilities as a thriller for the young have not been sooner developed. *Lucian Goes A-Voyaging*, by Agnes Carr Vaughan (Knopf), is a free version of tales from his *True History*, two thousand years old and the forerunner of Munchausens, Gullivers, Mandevilles, Vernes and Joan Lowells of the intervening period. The pictures by Harrie Wood are as if straight from Greek vases.

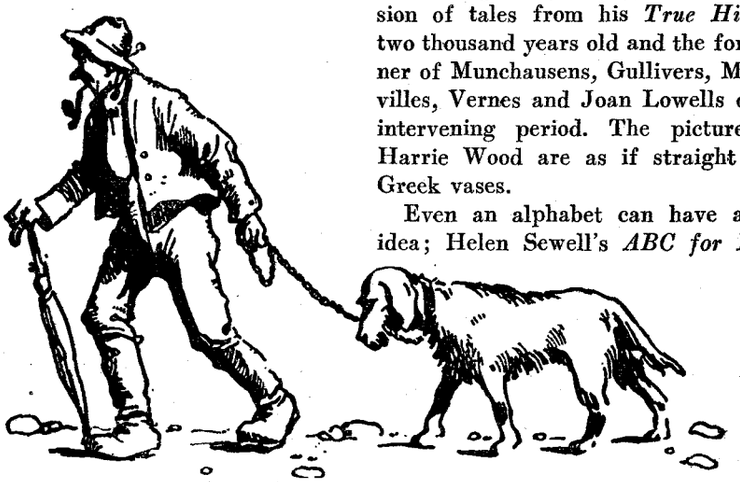


Illustration by Ernst Kutzer from Toni Rothmund's "The Amber Bead" (Longmans, Green)

Even an alphabet can have a new idea; Helen Sewell's *ABC for Every Day* (Macmillan), by the wise inclusion of verbs as well as nouns for subject matter, makes a set of words and three-color pictures going through a child's day from Awake, Buttons, Cereal, Dog, Excuse me, Kind to kitty, to Zip into bed. The cut-outs in *The Nest*, by Henrietta Barr and Mina Drew (Marshall Jones) have just the quality of difference that give it a new idea, though it is a simple reader for beginners, showing the progress of a bird family into the world; mothers could use this. It is in nature-books in general that the lover of children and of literature finds most this year to satisfy him; it would be hard to find another kind of book as good in its own way as *Green Magic*, by Julie Closson Kenny (Appleton) is in its way. It is an eye-to-eye explanation of how plants grow; the text is inspiring and the pictures by Edna Reindel are accurate as diagrams and highly decorative.

I have somewhat special and unusual means of approach to the opinion of children, and unless I have quite misread them, they now prefer their science straight, and rather resent the type of book that Charles Dickens used to call

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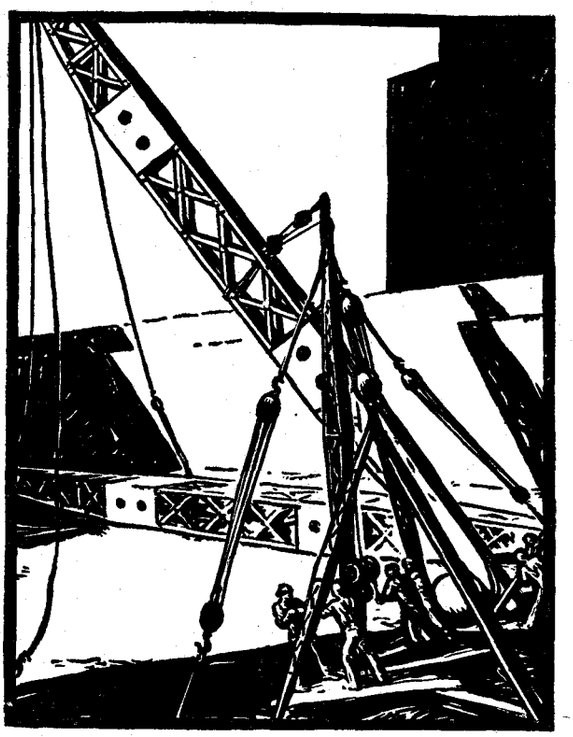
"frauds on the fairies." For instance, the only fault they found with the admirable and greatly-needed *The Earth for Sam* (Harcourt) by Maxwell Reed was that, along with the remarkable photographs of fossils and reconstructed animals and scenes, there were a number of presumably "funny" drawings that struck a false note. *The Earth for Sam,* however, is a book to be possessed by any intelligent family, and I strongly suggest it be reinforced by *The Living Past,* by John C. Merriam (Scribner) for the teen age. This may have been written for grown-ups and no doubt was, but its plain words and clear statements carry a thrill that means quite as much to young minds—the excitement of reconstructing the prehistoric from fragments of stone, bone, leaves or creatures caught long ago in asphalt. How it is done is something we all want to know, and this is a report of suchlike glorious guess-work. We might as well begin young to combat the idea that because science involves guess-work it is not thereby trustworthy. *Fingerfins,* by W. S. Bronson, and *Holiday Meadow,* by Edith M. Patch (both Macmillan), are examples of what can be done with straight science in a book to catch the young eye; the first is about a fish in the Sargosso Sea, the second about flora and fauna in an every day pasture-lot, and each is charming, photographs, diagrams and all.

Somewhere between nature books and fiction comes the *Adventures of Mario* (A. and C. Boni) with which Waldemar Bonsels returns to the public made his by *Maya the Bee.* The same curious charm is still at work in this tale of a youth brought up in the forest by a snappish and lovable old woman; it seems to me that the charm resides in the underlying philosophy of the author that, never forced on the reader, informs all that appears in the book. Dhan Gopal Mukerji is the only other writer who writes for children out of a similar philosophic background, or at least gives me the sense of doing so. His *Rama; the Hero of India* is on Dutton's list of juveniles on the way to publication.

Fairies come off well this Spring; there is a new idea in Eleanor Farjeon's *The Tale of Tom Tiddler* (Stokes) and that is not so easy with fairy-tales as old as they are. The idea is that a fairy visits the city of London and finds places with the lovely names of old—Shepherd's Bush, Jack Staw's Castle, Chalk Farm—that you see on the buses, and that now turn out to be suburbs of slums. One finds them in the state they should be to correspond with their names—a real girl in Maiden Lane, an Angel at Islington, gardens on Lavender Hill and clowns and elephants at Oxford Circus. *Tea Time Tales* by Rose Fyleman (Doubleday) show that it is possible to tell stories for small children each of which shall have a point. *Gresha and His Clay Pig* by N. Grishina, author and artist (Stokes) is a money-box story also a treasure-box, a Russian tale with lovely black-and-yellow pictures. *Frawg,* by Anne Vaughan Weaver (Stokes), is also by an author-artist, not about fairies but a small boy on an Alabama plantation with his dog and his two little sisters: this is in press as I write and I have not had a chance to read the story, but Hugh Lofting has and says it's great, and if it is as amusing as the colored pictures it will be a find. In July, Longmans will publish two stories that fit into the likes of an age when stories about children in other countries are especially attractive; Rothmund's *The Amber Bead* is about a little child in a German mountain cabin, and Palm's *Wanda and Greta at Broby Farm,* two little girls in Sweden.



From "How the Derrick Works," by Wilfred Jones (Macmillan)

Ernest the Policeman, by S. G. Hulme Beaman (Oxford University Press), is having a quite amazing effect on the affections of children; they are, for example, dramatizing it in schools all over the country, on their own initiative. I have seen effigies of Ernest on the walls of one school that prove how well the pupils appreciate his distinctive charm; he is, by the way, a toy policeman with ambitions for the stage, foregone in the line of duty. *The Boy with the Parrot,* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan), is about a boy who starts in Guatemala with a pack to make his fortune and returns with two simultaneous hats and a sewing-machine on his back; this would be good reinforcement of interest in geography.

We have even some material for what used to be called "Sunday reading," and some indication that it is being conducted on week-days as well. *Young Heroes of the Bible,* by Anne Stoddard (Century), is a set of stories of Isaac and Rebekah, Joseph, Moses and David, for readers old enough to appreciate the human qualities of these heroes and to wish to meet them in their geographic and social setting. *The Kingdom, the Power and the Glory* is a set of Old Testament stories in the King James version, selected and illustrated by James Daugherty (Knopf); there are even two little books of brief sermons for children, for the use of Sunday-schools or churches, *Behind the Big Hill,* by G. B. and Robert Hallock (Smith), taking six minutes apiece, and *Two-Minute Stories,* by Carl S. Patton (Willett, Clark and Colby) condensing still further.

All the aviation books are pretty good and some of them remarkably so: *Speed Wings,* by Lieut. John V. Deuel (Century), is an inspiring story of how to become a flight-lieutenant, narrow escapes, fun and all. *Wonder Tales of Long Ago,* by Barry and Hanna (Appleton), is a collection of myths of flight, and if you get the school edition you will see how all this can be worked into most attractive projects. *The Boys' Book of Gliding,* by Edwin W. Teals (Dutton), is on the way, and this is a book that will be taken, or rather snatched, by any number of eager readers.

What I have said about combining fairies with science does not apply to

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the introduction of an elf into a contemporary flower-garden, as happens in Berta and Elmer Hader's *Under the Pig-Nut Tree* (Knopf), for no proper child need be told that an elf could be at home there; this is a book that little children love, and so is *This Way and That,* by Edna Potter (Oxford University Press), the most charming book of song-games I have seen in a long while; the rhymes are old and the tunes hallowed by usage and the dancing children in their blues, pinks and yellows as new as every generation of dancing babies. Let me return for a moment to the picture-books, for *How the Derrick Works,* by Wilfred Jones (Macmillan), though meant for small boys, will charm artists of the new manner and all that grown-up company who cannot go straight by a rising building. This means much on Forty-Second street, where access to the Public Library grows more and more difficult as crowds collect to see that the new skyscraper over the way is properly put up.

It is pleasanter to keep to the small-child books, anyway, for in general they are better; certainly they are more distinctive. The non-fiction department is the most satisfactory for the older young person: navigation comes off uncommonly well, no doubt due to Byrd. *The Last Continent of Adventure,* by Walter B. Hayward (Dodd), a complete history of Antarctic exploration; *Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South,* by Kennedy MacLean and Chelsea Fraser (Crowell) a biographical history of the opening-up of both poles; two tales of Eskimo boys, Donald Baxter MacMillan's *Kah-da* (Doubleday) and Harold McCracken's *Iglaome, the Lone Hunter* (Century); *Great Navigators and Discoverers,* by J. A. Brendon (Harcourt), which goes from Hanno to Sir John Franklin with maps and pictures, and a big *Boy's Book of Exploration,* by J. Harris Gable (Dutton), from Hanno to Byrd, are some of the important entries. Entertainments are well provided for on the Spring lists: *Story-Telling to Live-wire Boys,* by George Tasker Miller (Dutton), is a manual for scouts or any one with the duty of keeping crowds of bright uneasy boys spell-bound by stories; it goes into all details of technique and includes an unhackneyed list of good material. *Good Times for All Times,* by Nina Lamkin (French), is an immense book making little less than an encyclopedia on entertainment of every sort for old and young; I never saw one with such elaborate and useful documentation. *Hobbies for Boys,* by Gibbard Jackson (Lippincott), and a companion *Hobbies for Girls,* by Mabel Kitty Gibbard (Lippincott), are valuable accompaniments to vacation; the range is uncommonly wide and the instructions do not involve much expense—indeed most of the hobbies call for very little. These four books would be fine for libraries, and so would be Ramon Coffman's *Our America* (Dodd), an illustrated history that takes at least five-sixths of its space to get to the Civil War, and so has special interest to children who love the exploration and development period of our national story; the popular histories of Mr. Coffman are far more useful than one might think from their unassuming manner, and a child's library, or a public one, might well hold them. *Men Who Found Out,* by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Coward), is about great scientific discoveries, likely to take with young readers the place held by *Hunger Fighters* in their parents' libraries.

Having thus by stages drawn near the fiction for the teens, this is not so grand after you get there, considering how very much there is of it, *The Flight of the Heron,* by D. K. Broster (Coward), a Jacobite romance; Raymond's *Linnet on the Threshold* (Longmans), a spirited story of a girl who has to go to work; *With Morgan on the Main,* a perfectly grand pirate yarn by C. M. Bennett (Dutton); *Tied in the Ninth,* by Merritt Parmelee Allen (Century), an unusually good set of baseball stories; *Judy of the Whale Gates* (Doubleday), a breathless thriller for girls; two newspaper stories, *The Girl Reporter,* by Carl Claudy (Little, Brown), which has excellent information, and *Joan of the Journal,* by Helen Diehl Olds (Appleton), whose heroine, to my mind, is too young for the job; *The Shaggy Legion,* by Hal Evarts (Little), a romance of the days when the building of the railroad over Kansas brought back for a time the lost prestige of the buffalo; *From Boston to Boston,* by Annie Russell Marble (Lothrop), a journey from England to New England and a settlement there in 1630, well reinforced with details of life and manners, yet with a story-interest; *Apple Pie Hill,* by Helen Forbes (Macmillan), an amusing New England family-group involved in a treasure hunt—these are some that stay in the mind of one who has conscientiously read enough books that slip through memory without a trace, to feel respect for such as make an impression. The really worthwhile book for the between-age is always greeted by such devoted reviewers with a cry that relieves some stored exasperation as well as welcomes a find; there are too many books published for this age that are, frankly, without a valid excuse for being. I do not say that the omission of a book from this brief notice means that I do not think it thus excusable; I have not pretended to read all that the season has brought forth. But even at that, I have read a good deal more than it was strictly necessary to put upon even the most willing reviewer.

Other books for which space does not hold out:

Older Young People

Flashing Oars. Ralph Henry Barbour. Appleton $2.

Carol of Cranford High. Earl Reed Silvers. Appleton $2.

The White Lady. Marcia Macdonald. Lippincott $1.75.

Carey Takes the Scout Trail. Leonard K. Smith. Appleton $2.

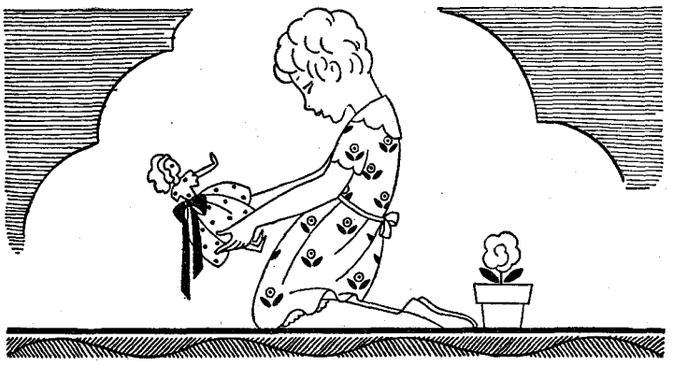
Nancy's Lone Girl Scouts. Jean Henry Large. Appleton $1.50.

Treasure Trove of Pirate Stories. Ramon Wilke Kessler. Appleton $2.50. Excellent Anthology.

The Wolf Tracker. Zane Grey. Harper $1. Good adventure story reprinted.

The Scout Jamboree Book. Putnam $1.75.

Famous Dogs in Fiction. J. W. McSpadden. Crowell $2. Anthology.



Drawn by Frank McIntosh for "Wanda and Greta at Broby Farm" (Longmans, Green)

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Mysteries: *At Midnight.* Louise Platt Hauck. Bobbs $2.

Even Sara. Gladys Blake. Appleton $2.

The Thing in the Road. Trentwell M. White. Marshall Jones $1.50. Uncommonly exciting.

When I Was a Harvester. Robert L. Yates. Macmillan $1.75. The true story of a boy's summer as member of a wheat harvesting gang in the Northwest.

Betty Bradford—Engineer. Mary Montagu Davis. Macmillan $1.75. An eastern girl out West.

YOUNGER YOUNG PEOPLE

The Deenie Men. Jo McMahon. Dutton $2.

Featherland. Etta Corbett Garson. McBride $1.50.

Jane-Louise's Cook-Book. Louise Price Bell. Coward. Pictures and hand-lettering.

J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens,* retold by May Byron. Rackham pictures. Scribner $1.

All Sorts of Good Stories. Eleanor V. Sloan. Dutton $2. Everyday life.

The Sew-It Book and *The Fun-Craft Book.* Rand McNally, $1 each. They do help on a dull day making things out of scraps.

Picture Book of a Big City. Madeleine Bunzel. Knopf $1.25.

The Washington Picture-Book. Lois Lenski. Coward $2. Two little children take in the national capital.

The Mongrel Puppy Book. Cecil Alden. Oxford University Press. Delicious substitute for comic strips.

Four new *Bubble Books* from Dodd, Mead. $1 each. Rhymes with two phonograph records in each volume.

The Magic Music Shop. Mary Graham Bonner. Macaulay.

The Hums of Pooh. A. A. Milne's rhymes with his two peerless collaborators for pictures and music. Dutton $2.50. *More Very Young Songs,* by the same. Grand for family use.

A Little Book of Necessary Ballads. Old Favorites. Harper $1.

Light Then and Now. Ida Belle Lacey. Macmillan $.88. Reader, or just for pleasure.

The Picture Book of Ships. Peter Gimmage and Helen Craig. Macmillan $2. Fine for summer by the sea; accurate and bright.

Burgess Seashore Book for Children. Little, Brown $3. Another good seaside book; nature.

The Town Crier of Gevrey. Estelle M. Kerr. Macmillan $1.75. Wartime story.

I Spend the Summer. James Tippett. Harper $.75. Amusing rhymes.

Honey Bees and Fairy Dust, and Ant Hills and Soap Bubbles. Mary Geisler Phillips. Heath. Supplementary reading; entomology.

Robin Hood and His Merry Men. John Finnemore. Macmillan $4. Big book with all the stories made into continuous narrative; color pictures.

The Wonder Road, 3 volumes, Enchanted Paths, Familiar Haunts and Far Horizons. Compiled by Edwin D. Starbuck and others. Macmillan $2.50 each. Fairy stories collected from old and new sources—nice big type.

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

A wood cut by Lynd Ward from Alec Waugh's "Hot Countries" (Farrar & Rinehart)

The Week's Reading

EACH OF the three novels which we have read this week should find plenty of readers. They are all capable of holding their own against any sort of weather, although why it should be more difficult to read the so-called serious books in summer than in winter, we have never been able to understand. Those who remember Susan Ertz's *Galaxy* will find Margaret Ayer Barnes' *Years of Grace* (Houghton, Mifflin $2.50) the same type of fiction. It is the story of a woman's life, begun in the eighties, still flourishing today. If the authoress has any opinions as to the changes which these fifty years of which she writes have brought, she keeps them to herself. The book is wonderfully dispassionate. The life of Jane, born Ward, married Carver, is lived mostly in Chicago, where we first see Jane as a school girl in her teens, going on bicycle picnics, secretly daring a Theodore Thomas concert with a boy and girl as companions but no adult, listening to the gossip and innuendo of her mother and older sister. Jane's parents squash her venture into puppy love, her young André goes back to his French home to study sculpture, and Jane moves on to Bryn Mawr, full of lofty purpose. We see her next as a debutante, thrust violently onto the outskirts of a sordid tragedy, then into marriage by a combination of circumstances including the Spanish War. Next Jane is a woman in her late thirties, suffering from her Boston in-laws, contented with her husband and her children. Alive, curious and inexperienced, she falls easily in love with a Greenwich Village type whose charms are not so evident to this reviewer as they seem to have been both to Jane and to her creator. Jane stops on the edge of a love affair, held back either by the mildness of her passions or by her sense of duty or by both. Then the World War comes, and the early marriages of Jane's eldest daughter and her sister's children. Then it is nineteen-thirty and the years of grace have gone. The risen generation is like its machines, hard and glittering, cold as iron until lit by artificial fires, then burning everything but itself. Jane sees her French André again, a distinguished sculptor and a gentle elderly cynic. And she has her Stephen, familiar and amiable; and her grandchildren to comfort her, for "when you looked at a child you could never believe it would grow up to disappoint you." A detached and clear picture of the great changes of the past fifty years and a faithful, mature rendition of an ordinary life and its setting of people and things, give this novel solidity. Vivid descriptions and excellent dialogue give it sparkle.

Entertainment of the "three-decker" variety is found in *Red Wagon* by Lady Eleanor Smith (Bobbs, Merrill $2.50). If the prose of this novel were as good as the material is rich, and if some of the opportunities for humor had been grasped, *Red Wagon* would be a permanent godsend to lovers of old-fashioned meaty, picturesque fiction. As it is, it is first rate reading, but does not seem to us likely to enter the small class of contemporary books which will be re-read. It is a story of the circus, told through the life of a circus-man.

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective: The Rhododendron Man, by J. Aubrey Tyson: Dutton.
Novel: The Return of the Hero, by Darrell Figgis: Boni Paper Books.
Biography and Criticism: The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson, by Genevieve Taggard: Knopf.
Miscellaneous: Thin Air, by Constance Bridges: Brewer and Warren.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Chances, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

The Scarab Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

The Selbys, by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their niece are the leading characters in a gay and witty story of Paris. Reviewed April 16.

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe, by Zane Grey: Harpers. Love and feuds in New Mexico. Reviewed June 25.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little Brown. A distinguished and highly readable history of America's greatest family. Reviewed June 18.

Liberty, by Everett Dean Martin: Norton. A history of liberty and a battle-cry against the tyranny of the mob. Reviewed June 25.

Mata Hari, by Thomas Coulson: Harper. The adventures of the notorious dancing spy.

Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

Magazine Articles Recommended

The Nemesis of American Business, by Stuart Chase. Harper's, July.

Basing his article on a wealth of unemployment facts and figures, Mr. Chase points out, truthfully enough, that "prosperity cannot be sold like toothpaste." Advocating shorter working hours, regularization of industry, the nursing of public and private construction work, better employment figures, and a higher age limit for child workers, he concludes by stating: "As a certified public accountant, I have been examining corporation balance sheets for many years. Seldom do I find one without a surplus account on the credit side, and frequently an appropriated surplus, variously entitled 'reserve for dividends,' 'reserve for depreciation,' 'reserve for bad debts,' 'reserve for expansion.' But a 'reserve for unemployment' I never have seen. The dividends and equities of stockholders have been protected by many ingenious devices. It is time, and more than time, that the flesh and blood which provide them receive at least equal consideration."

Chicago—Believe It or Not, by a Chicagoan. Virginia Quarterly Review, July, 1930.

The writer describes how a State Tax Commissioner ordered a much needed reassessment and thus tied up Chicago taxes for two years and precipitated the present crisis. He says that the Citizens' Committee, now in charge, roughly representing the railroads and the greater industries, may be expected to get the huge floating debt funded and establish adequate budget legislation and assessment machinery. "The elements which support the present effort," the author remarks, "can therefore keep up a firm pressure for a general overhauling like that of Baltimore or Cincinnati. Or they can wash their hands of it and turn the job back to the energetic but inadequate standing reform organizations." If they do not carry through, Chicago will remain an economically important but politically backward city. The article concludes with this question: "Can political handicaps check Chicago in the realization of her manifest economic destiny of which the projected World's Fair in 1933 is to be a symbol?"

Joe Prince, the son of acrobats, was born in a tent in the sixties. His father fell to his death from the trapeze, his mother died in a horrible "clem," a fight between the ruffianly circus folks and the angry yokels of a southern village. Little Joe was taken back to England by a clown, trained for trick-riding, and soon began his life upon the roads of the British isles. His career is exciting without being melodramatic. He learns about women from one of those dizzy blondes who rides high-school horses in a tight habit. He inherits Schultze's circus in his middle-age, marries a gipsy (he has learned to know the gipsies as a lad), and gets two girls. At the end of his long life, one of his girls is ready to take to the circus. For Joe, the circus is always first, so that he never grows up. His adventures are the adventures of a boy on the road among other boys, curious, exciting, touching, unreal. The novel is like a panoramic picture in bright colors, in which every inch is done in intricate detail. Its swarming characters are vivid and strange, its scenes redolent of sawdust and the open-road. Like one of the three ring circuses which Joe, who was of the old school, despised, *Red Wagon* will keep you busy watching, and while you watch you will forget that outside the big tent there is a tiresome world.

A delightful piece of fiction for young and old is *The Young and Secret* by Alice Grant Rosman (Minton, Balch $2). Mrs. Rosman has a way of making a simple story absorbing. She needs no more lurid adventures than a dog-fight or a faintly mysterious motor trip; no more startling characters than a pretty titled woman and her jealous commoner husband, their high-hearted daughter, a young sculptor, a friend or so and some interfering relatives, comic or mean; and out of that she can make a charming tale, sensitive, intelligent, warm with humor and sympathy. Most light fiction (and much heavy) leaves us yawning, but we find Mrs. Rosman's books fun to read. London and the Hertfordshire country are the settings of this one.

Something has happened to P. G. Wodehouse, or to us. We laughed only twice over *Very Good Jeeves* (Doubleday, Doran $1), a group of short stories which illustrate and celebrate the masterly brain-work of the Wooster valet, Jeeves. We can still chuckle over the incident of the too friendly bull-dog, (in Three Men and a Maid, wasn't it?), and the funniest story in this volume is "Jeeves and the Dog, MacIntosh;" unless it is the one which describes the adventures of the Sonny Boy singers

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Then you are actually in London seeing the lions in Trafalgar Square. You're looking at the shops of Bond Street. Or you're eating beef served with British ceremony from a table-on-rollers at Simpson's. Finally you're on your way to Paris. And that's another story.

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at the settlement house. The tales are satisfactory if you laugh easily, but they are not the old Wodehouse.

Eslanda Goode Robeson, wife of the Negro actor who is now playing Othello in London with great success, has written a little book about her husband, *Paul Robeson, Negro* (Harper $2.50), which celebrates Robeson's career as college athlete, lawyer, spirituals singer and actor, pays a tribute to his character, and paints a picture of Harlem more attractive than those of the jazz-age writers. Mrs. Robeson is bright and a good publicity writer, and those who enjoy personality sketches will find her book readable. But fine singer, exciting actor and charming person as Robeson is, he scarcely rates a biography, yet.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

By mistake, *French Leave* by Jeannette Phillips Gibbs (Little, Brown) was reviewed in our issue of June 11 as published on that date. It will not be published until July 11.

Behind the Blurbs

WHAT with the summer doldrums about to descend upon us it would seem fit that there should be a certain resting upon the oars and a tendency away from production and toward midsummer inertia. But such is not the case; at least such is not the case with the publishers, who, to all appearances, are still hard at it, either with current publications or with plans for the fall season. We find that there has collected on our desk during the current week a rather large number of books for this so-called non-productive season among publishers as well as dozens of announcements of fall plans. Among the latter we find that that prolific biographer, Emil Ludwig, has completed still another volume. This one will be called *Three Titans* and will contain biographies of Beethoven, Rembrandt and Michaelangelo. The book will be published by Putnam's in September. ♣ ♣ ♣ On the twenty-ninth of May there was celebrated in Germany the fiftieth birthday of Oswald Spengler, author of *The Decline of the West*. So great has become his fame there that the event almost assumed the proportions of a national holiday. Spengler's epoch-making work has probably influenced the present generation's thinking more than any other single book of the period. Over a quarter of a million copies have been sold and this in the face of its being among the more expensive books. It has already been translated into French, Spanish, Russian, English and Arabian. *The Decline of the West* was published in America by Alfred A. Knopf. ♣ ♣ ♣ One of Vanguard's fall publications will be called *A Marriage to India*. It tells the story of a white woman who married a Hindu and lived with him in India. There she came to know Gandhi, Tagore, and other world-famous figures. It is said that her revelations are surprising as well as authoritative. ♣ ♣ ♣ Charles Scribner's Sons are to be the publishers of John Galsworthy's new play, *The Roof*. They have announced, however, that the play will not be published until it is produced in New York. Charles Hopkins, its producer, promises it for early fall. The American premiere of *The Roof* occurred on June 13 at New Haven, Conn., where it inaugurated the commencement exercises of Yale University. The actors, who were all undergraduates, were directed

Drawn by Ethel C. Taylor for Eva Little McElevey's "Dad and I" (Dutton)

by Alexander Dean, of the University's drama department. ♣ ♣ ♣ Paper Books have decided upon *By the Waters of Manhattan* by Charles Resnikoff for their July selection. This novel tells the story, through three generations, of a Jewish family; first in Russia, then as immigrants in America, and finally, as native-born children of New York. *Wooden Swords* by Jacques Deval, which is the Literary Guild's selection for July, will be reviewed in the next issue of the Outlook. ♣ ♣ ♣ This being open season for mystery stories, we will line up a few of the best ones for you. Murder in a mine is the theme of *The Owner Lies Dead*[1]. Nobody paid much attention to Pat Brace when he insisted that Haunted Mine was rightfully his, least of all the owner, Uncle Matthew, and his three nephews, Tony, Rush and Cappy. But then there was an explosion in the mine, and Tony was shot, and Pat disappeared; and what's more, Pat's wife had been having an affair with Tony. Things looked bad for Pat, but they didn't look as bad as they were, as you will discover if you read this. It gives you plenty of suspects and a chance to guess the rightful murderer, which we did when we were about halfway through. ♣ ♣ ♣ "He goes to the heart of the mystery like a homing pigeon flies from a battleship in mid-ocean to its cote in a navy yard," said Inspector Scoville of Hal Baincroft, wealthy reporter, and we don't see how it could have been more accurately expressed. For just after solving the Kenyon kidnapping case, an acquaintance of Hal's is drilled with three .22 longs, and Hal, although he would have liked to kill the fellow himself, tracks down the murderer, known as *The Rhododendron Man*[2], from the fact that the fatal shots were fired from a clump of those decorative shrubs. Hal does everything in an original way; even when he answers the phone, the author tells us that he puts the receiver to "one of his ears." But it's a good story—and incidentally the first of a series of Dutton "Clue Mysteries," each of which is to have a special page inserted at the point where all clues are in and you ought to be able to pick the guilty party. Make your own guess, write the murderer's name on the page and mail it to the publishers. If you guess right on three books they'll send you a fourth one free. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Piccadilly Ghost*[3] appeared to Miss Jerrold in an art gallery to whose owner she was secretary, and when Stephen Mallowes, cub reporter of the *Daily Cry*, came around to interview her, his sense of smell was instrumental in solving the mystery, which involved a suicide, two murders, a gang of counterfeiters, and only incidentally the police, who seem to have been rather incompetent. Without examining too closely some rather incredible motivation, we'll give this tale mild commendation. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Man of God*[4] is the story of Pastor Werner, who is really much too interested in the beautiful Carola, wife of the crippled Baron Werland, and Carola is rather interested in him, until along comes the dashing Baron Rast, and then the air is delicately indicated to the Pastor. So what does he do but pull a couple of planks out of the bridge Rast has to cross in returning from his clandestine visits to the Baroness. All well and good, but then he jumps out and stops Rast before he reaches the bridge, having come to a realization of his sin. The story is rather obvious and the irony a bit weak—by no means the best work of the German author, who, by the way, is not to be confused with his brother, Count Herman. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *Murder in*

(Please Turn to Page 357)

1. By Tyline Perry: Covici Friede, $2.00.
2. By J. Aubrey Tyson: Dutton, $2.00.
3. By Erle Spencer: Macmillan, $2.00.
4. By Count Edouard von Keyserling: Macaulay, $2.00.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Caught Short"

MARIE DRESSLER regularly steals two thirds of the pictures in which she appears—so every now and then they get tired of it all and give her a chance to do anything she wants as long as she wants—which just suits me perfectly. She is accompanied, as usual, by Polly Moran, her no less recriminative sparring partner, while their story is Eddie Cantor's *Caught Short* dealing, of course, with last fall's stock market crash. Polly and Marie run rival boarding houses, but they both buy Brazilian Banana, a stock which seems to be doing so well that they all go off to a swanky summer resort. Then comes the crash—and the end of their finery. Their children, the luscious Anita Page and Charles Morton are in love, and after the financial finish they all live together in one big boarding house. A good deal of *Caught Short* is screamingly funny.

"With Byrd at the South Pole"

No doubt Commander Byrd and his men underwent great hardships and made great scientific discoveries while they were at the South Pole, but the general impression I gathered from this film is that they had a very comfortable jaunt and were not at any time in particularly great danger. As I understand it the word "adventure" implies unknown risks and dangers; Byrd had with him every scientific apparatus and comfort known to our very scientific age including, I am told, a year's supply of Paramount feature movies and newsreels. The men were in hourly radio communication with New York City, and every day Russell Owen of the New York *Times* radioed back to his paper a sort of Rover-Boy account of the proceedings. One day he would refer to "our intrepid commander" and the next to "our stalwart companions," or "those brave huskies" (the dogs). Altogether it was pretty sickening—and unfair, too—you discover on seeing the film, for Admiral Byrd appears to be an extremely decent chap and not at all given to the dime-novel, whoop-a-la heroics which wearied *Times* readers for two years.

Photographically this film record is a personal triumph for the two Paramount cameramen, Willard Van der Veer and Joseph T. Rucker. The pictures of penguins, whales and seals are simply grand; they are positively the finest antarctic pictures we have ever had. The only trouble with the film is an excess of titles. Down south the men shot 150,000 feet of film, while the picture shown in the theatre is but 8,000 feet long and fully a third of this taken up with reading matter.

Worth Seeing

All Quiet on the Western Front: A courageous and honest film debunking war. By all odds the best thing of its kind. Remarque's book is unchanged.

The Big Pond: Maurice Chevalier clowning about as a "great beeg American beezness man."

Cain and Artem: A Russian picture of Maxim Gorki's story of life in a pre-war peasant village. Brutal realism but inspired direction.

The Florodora Girl: Gay nonsense about the frivolous 1900's with Marion Davies as one of the Sextet.

Journey's End: An exact transcript of the British play—the war as encountered by some sensitive gentlemen officers.

The Silent Enemy: A fine hot-weather film showing Ojibway Indians all but freezing to death in the North West. Beautiful shots of animals.

Shadow of the Law: William Powell is too good to miss, even in a story with vast improbabilities.

The Social Lion: The charming Jack Oakie is grand fun although the plot is trivial.

Not So Good

The Bad One: Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe are both worth watching but the story is a little hard to get down.

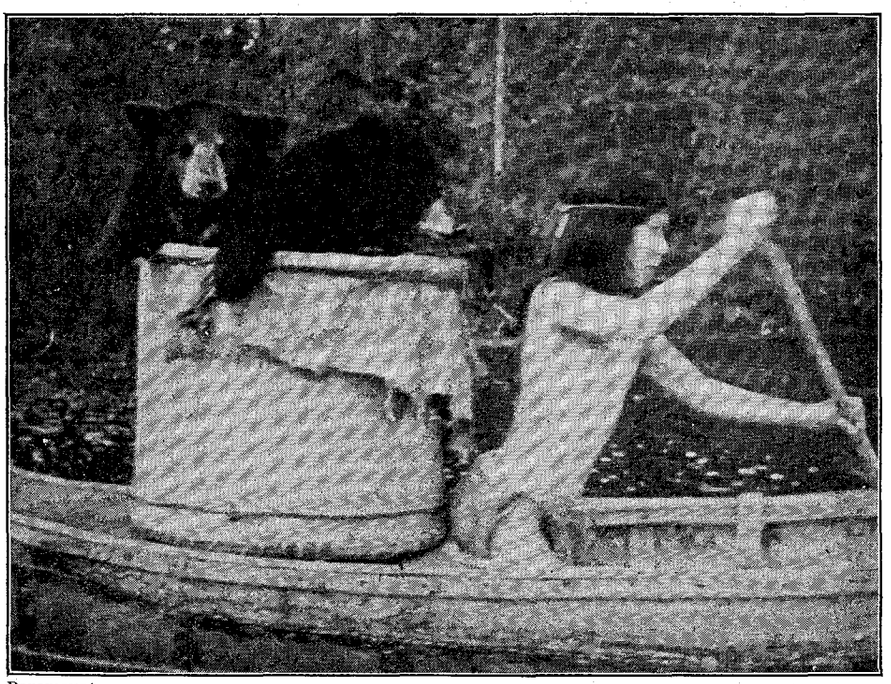
One Romantic Night: Lillian Gish—she talks! Somehow none of it seems to matter much.

"A Lady of Scandal"

In order to attain that degree of cheapness with which movie producers believe they must invest their product before it will be accepted by the American public, Frederick Lonsdale's play *The High Road* has been movieized into *A Lady of Scandal*. Ruth Chatterton is the London actress who proposes to marry into a solemn, self-conscious family of high degree while Ralph Forbes is the son who brings her into this charmed circle. The other man is Basil Rathbone, while Nance O'Neil appears in a minor rôle. Mr. Lonsdale's play is dangerously light material for a talking film, depending entirely on the performance and the calibre of the actors, but Miss Chatterton handles matters with her usual skill and deftness so that, all in all, *A Lady of Scandal* is a pretty fair transcript of the stage play.

"The New Movietone Follies of 1930"

Due almost entirely to the efforts of El Brendel and a young lady named Marjorie White who appears to be a pocket edition of Winnie Lightner, the second *Fox Follies* is a pretty good show. True, there are moments of dreadful, stilted dialogue and others of parading chorus girls dancing back and forth—and then there is the old plot about the boy who wants to marry the actress—but on the whole it is not nearly as bad as it sounds. And it is about five hundred per cent better than the first *Fox Follies*, although that isn't saying much.



Paramount

LITTLE CHEEKA

The Chief's son follows the hunters with his bear cubs in "The Silent Enemy"

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▶▶In This Issue◀◀

J. W. EMERSON is a chemist and engineer, at present connected with the West Chester Park Commission of New York, in the latter capacity. Mr. Emerson has long been interested in the prohibition question and has contributed several articles to newspapers and magazines on the subject.

JONATHAN MITCHELL is a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent. His most recent article was "Actualities at London."

KATHARINE BRUSH is well known as a novelist and short story writer, her story, "Night Club," being included in the O. Henry Prize Memorial, "Best Short Stories of 1929." Miss Brush's latest novel is *Young Man of Manhattan*.

W. LOCK WEI is a graduate of the universities of Hong Kong and Cambridge and is now a resident of New York. He is also a member of the Chinese Davis Cup team. Mr. Wei's most recent contribution was "The Future of the Chinese Puzzle."

▶▶Next Week◀◀

Pseudoanalysis, by Karl Menninger.

Among the more popular modern indoor sports parlor psychology or, as the author prefers, pseudoanalysis, ranks high. The prattle about complexes, suppressions, repressions and sublimations can be heard daily and is most frequently employed by those least familiar with the subject. Already the terms, "Oedipus" and "inferiority" complex, have lost their meaning. While this loose use of psychological terms is not without its humorous aspects, it may also have dangerous consequences. The amateur's natural interest in abnormal subjects, the author warns, may easily do harm.

The Lazy American, by Mark Van Doren.

As a nation we take pride in our energy. Ours is supposedly the country of the go-getter, of high-pressure salesmanship, where big things are accomplished in a big way, in an even bigger hurry. Mr. Van Doren thinks this is largely blarney; that we are inherently lazy; and that most of our accomplishments, particularly those of the pioneers, are the result of attempts to find an easier life. Not that Mr. Van Doren decries indolence. He finds it, in fact, rather attractive. So, he claims, do most Americans. That is why they spend so much time lecturing about energy to others.

A Texas Free-For-All, by Allen Peden.

Not the least interesting feature of the coming Texas Democratic gubernatorial primary is the fact that it is being contested by a dozen or more candidates, including a Republican national committeeman. Underlying this somewhat unusual contest is a situation very similar to those which resulted in the defeat of Bishop Cannon in Virginia, and Senator Simmons in North Carolina, as well as the barring of Senator Heflin from the primary in Alabama. Although the Hoovercrats who bolted the party in 1928, when Governor Smith was nominated, succeeded in throwing Texas into the Republican column, they inadvertently succeeded in surrendering control of the Democratic party in Texas to the younger Liberals. Although the situation is complicated, Mr. Peden does not believe that they will be successful in regaining power. The outlook for the creation of a Southern Liberal Democracy, he claims, is very favorable.

Two; On the Aisle, by Louis Stark.

Alone among legitimate enterprises, Mr. Stark asserts, the theatrical business still sticks to the custom of charging the public more than one price. Not only is more than one price demanded, but by the time the various brokers, speculators, cut-rate agencies and box office treasurers are finished, the public is usually charged four or five prices. Although the producers are not entirely to blame for this state of affairs, it is equally true that they have done very little to rectify it. That the New York Theatre League has inaugurated a plan to curb speculating and has placed ex-Governor Smith on its board to represent the public is true. Mr. Stark, however, doubts that much will come of it. The theatre, he feels, is rapidly becoming a racket.

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

By W. R. BROOKS

FOR QUITE a long time we've been awfully hard on the Victorians. Awfully quaint, the senseless false modesty that always spoke of legs as "limbs" in polite society. Yet examples of the same sort of thing are not lacking in these enlightened modern times, though we are so close to them that proper perspective is lacking, and our perception blurs them a bit. We seem to remember that back in the nineties men wore drawers. An awful word, isn't it—as vulgar to us as legs to a Victorian. And so men today wear "athletic shorts." Yet we submit that they are nothing but drawers; though they be of silk and are tinted jade or pastel blue, they are still drawers. And even suspenders and socks and garters have become a little vulgar. You'd hesitate to speak of them in a mixed company. You'd call them braces, and hose, and hose-supporters. That's what they're called in the advertisements, and it's a little more delicate, somehow. Of course. That's what the Victorians were—delicate. All these substitutions are simply efforts to shore up our always tottering human dignity. So the undertaker has become, so delicately, the mortician. And we have even seen the sign of an "electragist." If the good old Victorian profession of midwife existed today, we suppose the members of it would be known as "naticians."

▶▶ STOWING away your rugs in the summer where neither moth nor dust doth corrupt is a simple matter with the *zip Rug Bags we have seen*. They are of heavy canvas, impregnated to make them dust, moth and damp proof, and you open them out flat, roll the rugs on to them, and zip them shut.

▶▶ A NIGHT LAMP which will burn all night for half a cent is the Midgy, thus titled, as you may have guessed, because of its diminutive size. Base of brown Bakelite, shade of translucent glass, plain or decorated.

▶▶ THE IDEAL WINDOW WASHER has a felt wiper on one side, a squeegee on the other, and between, a tank filled with water. You don't need a pail; you just take a swipe at the window with the squeegee and then a swipe with the felt, and the window is clean.

▶▶ OLIVER OLSON is showing some very nice muffin covers of baked enamel. They're unbreakable, and come in yellow, blue and green. Very pleasant over the breakfast toast and bacon. They're 6⅞ inches wide and 2¾ inches high. Will stack up one on top of another when not in use.

▶▶ WE HAVE SEEN a black, metal base that matches in color, and fits either the desk phone or the new French phone. It contains a drawer with an index for phone numbers, and space for a pencil.

▶▶ MOTHEX BAGS, which contain three hangers each, and are useful as a protection against moths, are being advertised as indispensable for summer at the seashore. For they keep out damp. The damp salt air that wrecks and wrinkles your clothes, is slow to penetrate the stout fabric.

▶▶ OLD ENGLISH PEWTER PRESERVER is a paste which will brighten up your darkened pewter teapots and porringers and restore their lustre and sheen. We've tried this ourself and it works well.

▶▶ A NEW GAME, similar to roulette, but without a wheel, is Carou. Played with chips on a diagrammed cloth which fits over the top of your bridge table.

▶▶ ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK at less than $10. Well, it *is* less: it's $9.95. Keeps correct time, is made in a mantel type Bakelite case 7 inches high, and the buzzer won't run down—it keeps on buzzing until you get up and turn it off.

▶▶ BEHOLD THE TOMATO SLICER, which is somewhat like the egg slicers you may have seen, except that the cutting blades are stronger and serrated. You put the tomato in, push down the cutter, and all you need to do then is add the dressing.

▶▶ THE B-C IRON REST is a shallow metal tray, asbestos backed, which fastens to the end of your ironing board, and permits you to slide the iron off and on instead of lifting it. On three sides it has raised edges which prevent it falling on the floor.

▶▶ ELECTRO-LENS is a combination reading glass and reading light. You set it down on the book, map or photograph, the focus is automatically fixed, and you just move it around by the handle. A pretty useful affair, even if you haven't come to glasses yet.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Accident

THE boy walked slowly along the endless flat road dragging a shotgun. Occasionally, he stopped dead, lifted the gun with an effort to his shoulder and, holding his head erect, marched on stiffly for a minute or two.

The dog—who was not a particular dog, but might have suggested to a passing motorist something between a cocker spaniel and a shepherd dog—frisked ahead of the boy sniffing the earth, or circled gaily about him, or dashed to the rear and quietly scratched up an imaginary groundhog. Was there nothing, went the uneasy thought blowing through what brain he possessed, that could rouse his master from that unholy stupor? No trick or fancy that would divert his attention suddenly and fondly to his dog? Life was short, he felt vaguely, and the wind rustled enchantingly in the unexpected green thickets that rose and vanished so coolly at the side of the hot road. There were morsels in those thickets that scuttled at his approach with a motion both exciting and not to be resisted; morsels, when caught, with a strange and terrifying taste . . . at certain memories, the dog stretched his forelegs straight in front of him and dropping his head upon them slid his eyes from side to side. Was his master, down the road and fifty feet behind, looking at him? Whatever could be the matter with that boy, he wondered unconsciously, that he refused to follow after the joy of living? For he was as innocently trusting a dog as ever breathed, and it never even occurred to him that his master was taking him to some far and unknown spot for the purpose of shooting him.

How was he ever going to do it, thought the boy, biting his lip and shifting the weight of the rifle in the sun? No, he thought, and they hadn't any business agoing after him to make him, either. It was his dog, wasn't it? Well then, let them find somebody else to shoot him. By them, he meant his father; but the impersonal word somehow lightened the shame in his heart and the dreadful weight in his left trouser pocket of two paper dollars, heavier by now than the shotgun. For the whole miserable business seemed to have resolved itself into those two dollars in his pocket. Sure, the dog had killed the sheep. There was no way to get around it. He guessed he could see that as good as a grown person. Sure, if a dog killed sheep you had to shoot him, same as if he was your own brother. (Only there was a difference just the same; your own brother wasn't as clost to you as your dog was, he could think for himself.) Sure, if he had to be shot you didn't want nobody else to do the shooting. So then they had told him, well, to take the dog way off somewhere and shoot him. And they had given him two dollars. So now he had to shoot his dog.

The sweat rolled down his forehead and into his eyes. He wiped it off on the back of his hand, which was trembling, and looked around to find his dog. There he was up the road a piece, dashing around like crazy, first one side then another; trying to get him interested. Suddenly he was too tired to move. He dragged the shotgun to the tall grass beside the road and dropping it, sank down beside it. He guessed he'd stay here for a while. He couldn't go home, could he, until he'd shot the dog?

But even as he thought it, there was a shout, a noise of grinding machinery down the road, and a dreadful silence. Before he knew it he had picked up the shotgun and was on his feet, running. There was a car down there, an accident. Before he could reach the spot he saw what had happened, and his heart slowed even as he ran.

A man was standing there with his hand lifted. "Don't shoot!" cried the man. And then, "It's your dog, ain't it?" Seeing that all the boy could do was to nod and wipe the back of his hand across his eyes, the stranger went on talking: "Say, I know how you feel all right. I wouldn't have done it for a mint of money, buddy, honest I wouldn't. But he ran out—unexpectedly from the side of the road, looking behind him—and neither of us seeing the other until it was too late. Say, look-a here, buddy, wouldn't this be of any use to you?" And the stranger slipped something into the boy's left trouser pocket.

The boy pulled it out, along with the other two and looked at it. Seven, altogether.

"I was going to shoot him," he said, in a low voice. "He was killing sheep."

"Well then, that's all right," said the stranger heartily, and climbing back into his car honked cheerfully down the road.

The boy stood in the middle of the road and stared at the quiet figure of his dog. Seven dollars was a lot of money.

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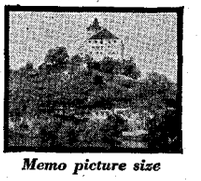

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Joey Jacobs, World's Champion

(Continued from Page 333)

hoisted aloft by one of his seconds. He was then assisted out, after frantic attempts to induce him to address his native land on the radio had signally failed. Sharkey, who had fouled him only by accident—or by force of habit—walked out in his navy robe, with bent head.

Their places were taken by Mr. Al Fay of Baltimore and Mr. George Hoffman of New York, who fought ten rounds. This looked to me like a whirlwind bout, for a change. Angry and bloody. But one of the newspaper men who sat directly below the ring informs me that in the eighth round Mr. Hoffman said to Mr. Fay, "Don't hit so hard, Al." . . .

Antisaccharites—and Others

(Continued from Page 331)

tained that Coffee was prohibited by law; the other, that it was not. But the Judge in Chief having convened an assembly of all the Doctors, to have their opinions, they unanimously declared that the question had been already determined by their predecessors in favor of Coffee; that they were all of the same sentiment; and that there was nothing further necessary than only to restrain the extravagant heat of the zealots, and the indiscretion of ignorant preachers. The Judge who presided was of the same opinion; and immediately ordered all the assembly to be served with Coffee, and took some himself; an example which presently composed all controversies, and made Coffee more fashionable at Cairo than before.

About half a century later a similar prohibition of coffee occurred in Constantinople, Moseley's account being:

At the time when the use of Coffee was most prevalent in Constantinople, the Imans and officers of the Mosques made a great clamour, that they were deserted, whilst all the Coffee-houses were continually crowded. On which the Dervises and Priests made a furious attack on Coffee; not only affirming that it was unlawful, but that it was a much greater sin to go to a Coffee-house than to a tavern.

After a great deal of noise and declamation, all the Priests united to obtain a solemn condemnation of this liquor; and maintained that Coffee roasted was a sort of coal; and that everything which had the least relation to coal was forbidden by law. Upon this they drew up a question in form, and presented it to the Mufti, with the request that he would determine it according to the duty of his office. The Mufti, without giving himself the trouble of examining any difficulties, gave the verdict according to the wish of the Priests, and pronounced that Coffee was prohibited by the law of Mahomet.

All the Coffee-houses in Constantinople were immediately shut up, and the officers of the police ordered to prevent the drinking of Coffee in any manner whatever.

Yet, notwithstanding the rigour that was employed in the execution of this order, they could not prevent the drinking of Coffee in private; and Amurath III, in whose time this prohibition took place, again permitted the use of it in private houses, and it grew more and more into esteem. At last, the officers of the police, feeling there was no remedy, were content for a certain sum, to permit it to be sold in private houses, shutting up the doors, or in the back shops.

There wanted but little encouragement to re-establish by degrees the public Coffee-houses; and it happened that a new Mufti, less scrupulous, or more wise, than his predecessor, declared solemnly that Coffee ought not to be looked upon as a coal; and that the liquor made from it was not prohibited by the law. After this declaration the Zealots, Preachers, Doctors and Lawyers, far from exclaiming against Coffee, took it themselves; and their example was universally followed by the whole Court and City.

A century later England experienced a coffee prohibition when Charles II closed the coffee houses.

These and numerous other prohibitions of the stimulants, including repeated attempts at the prohibition of alcohol from the dawn of history to the present day—what have they accomplished? Practically nothing. Most of them have been utterly forgotten. Isn't it about time we began to suspect there may be something wrong with our moral theories about the stimulants?

CERTAINLY there is no evidence that evolution is working for the annihilation of the use of stimulants. Incidentally it is well to remember that evolution usually accomplishes its purposes not by a process of subtraction, but by a process of addition. It tends to complexity, not simplicity.

Are we not face to face with the age-old tendency of advocating annihilation of that which is subject to abuse? Is not our belief that the stimulants are harmful the result to two factors—first, the undoubted harm that can be done by their abnormal use, and second, our almost total ignorance of the real function of their normal use?

Let us not forget that the use of the stimulants is a nature-made and not a man-made custom. It does not depend for its existence upon any form of civil, social or ecclesiastical law, as did such institutions as the Inquisition, Taxation without Representation, and Slavery. Neither is it the product of thought or opinion, like so many of our social and legislative customs. Neither is it, like vice and crime, a condition which obtains only in a small and probably pathological segment of society. Neither is it, like disease, an invasion from without. Neither is it a phase of some more basic element, as public gambling houses are a phase of the instinct for taking hazards, or as polygamy is a phase of the more basic instinct of reproduction. Rather it is, like the use of foods, a basic and elemental thing—a distinct product of Nature—for it is universal and it concerns the chemistry of the human body.

Its correct understanding, therefore, is a question in the natural sciences—not a political or moral question. We can hardly doubt that eventually the solution will be found in the laboratory, but neither can we doubt that at present our knowledge of the chemistry and physics of the human body, especially within the nervous system, is altogether too meagre for anything like an adequate understanding of the function of the stimulants. There is at present altogether too much propaganda, on both sides of the question, based merely on careless "scientific conclusions"—the same kind of scientific conclusions that in the seventeenth century condemned the use of sugar. Look at that "scientific" argument found in some school text books on physiology; to the effect that if you inject alcohol into rabbits, the rabbits will not respond when you ring bells in their ears—thus "proving" that alcohol is a poison. Or look at the following as given by Sir Humphrey Rolleston of the University of Cambridge:

It is rather alarming to find that in America two thousand psychological tests on medical students showed that smoking lowers mental efficiency from ten to twenty-three per cent, and especially the faculties of imagery, perception and association.

Assuming these figures are correct, what do they prove? How do we know there are not other effects of smoking which may be beneficial—effects perhaps not evident in the laboratory but none the less effective in everyday life? An exclusive diet of bread will injure health and lower efficiency, but does this prove that all bread is injurious and ought to be prohibited? Arbitrary administrations of adrenalin are pretty likely to produce pathological effects, and a large amount may produce death.

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From this clinical evidence it could be argued that adrenalin is a poison and ought never to enter the human body. Unfortunately for this conclusion, however, adrenalin, even if poisonous, happens to be a normal secretion of the adrenal glands and absolutely necessary for life—without its presence in the blood, death would soon ensue.

It is just such half-baked pseudo-scientific rubbish that propagandists, on both sides, have been feeding the public under the misbranded label of *evidence* or *proof*. Isn't it about time for common sense to come to the rescue of public opinion? The trouble is that it is humanly impossible to duplicate in the clinical laboratory all the conditions of everyday life and secure data on all effects. We do not need to be expert scientists to see this. Common sense tells us there is, as yet, no conclusive clinical evidence either for or against the use of tea, coffee, alcohol or tobacco.

But although we are as yet wholly in the dark as to any explanation, in terms of the natural sciences, of the function of the stimulants, yet we are not without reliable evidence as to the relative merits or demerits of particular stimulants. We know perfectly well that stimulants *do* have relative merits and demerits—that some agree with us and others do not. It is generally admitted, for example, that opium and cocaine are infinitely more injurious than beneficial—at least for the white races; and it is also pretty generally admitted that stimulants like tea and coffee are for most people quite harmless. If we are to legislate regarding the use of stimulants, it is obviously important for us to have some fairly reliable means of determining the good and the bad.

After all, is not the most reliable evidence in matters of this kind the evidence of Nature herself? Nature is constantly testing all sorts of things in her laboratory—the only laboratory which takes all conditions into consideration and secures data on all effects. We know, for example, in the matter of foods, as Dr. Woods Hutchinson long ago pointed out, that for normal human beings those foods are best which have been eaten by the largest numbers of people for the longest periods of time—that is, which have best stood the test in Nature's laboratory. Wheat, beef and dairy products stand at the head of the list of Nature's preferred foods, and wheat, beef and dairy products show on careful chemical analysis the largest amounts of nutritious elements and the least amounts of injurious compounds. It is said, in fact, that the further we advance in the science of dietetics the better we confirm the truth of this simple bit of Nature's testimony. How, indeed, could it be otherwise if the animal kingdom is to thrive?

Granting, as most people will, that the use of stimulants is a normal condition, why cannot this same kind of evidence be accepted in respect to their merits or demerits? If we make a list of articles of human consumption including the stimulants as well as foods, we shall find that well toward the top of white man's menu stands wine. There are, in fact, comparatively few substances which have been consumed by larger numbers of people for longer periods of time.

Alcohol is a definite chemical compound—the same yesterday, today and forever. If alcoholic beverages were at all analogous, as regards the testimony of Nature, to such substances as opium, then we might reasonably hope for the ultimate success of their prohibition; for opium has never gained any widespread use, among the white races at least. It is and always has been an outlaw. Nature herself has prohibitied it. But the successful prohibition of any article of human consumption which has so well stood the test of time and numbers as has wine is entirely without precedent in all human history.

Mere abstract arguments of "personal liberty" cannot of themselves justify alcohol, any more than they can justify opium. If in the end alcohol is always injurious, then the personal-liberty argument seems impotent. But the testimony from Nature's laboratory is unequivocal that for many, if not for most people, alcohol must have benefits—even though we have not yet had a Liebig of the stimulants to tell us why.

The Little Giant

(Continued from Page 325)

tional ministers of those days were required to dispense free legal, medical, financial and pedagogical advice.

At Amherst, Dwight was deeply influenced by three men, Professors Garman, Morse and Olds. Garman was a shrewd, pious man. He was preoccupied, like his better-known contemporary, Professor Royce of Harvard, with reconciling the new alarming theories of Mr. Darwin with Christian morality. This did not seem as difficult in the early 1890's as it does now, and his lectures made a great impression on his students, particularly on a sandy-haired Vermont farm boy. Many years afterwards there was to be found a marked similarity of phrase between certain sections of Professor Garman's textbook and the speeches of President Coolidge.

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Dwight had a room in Professor Morse's home. He made a good fraternity, but was too poor to live in the fraternity house. Professor Morse taught history, and a short time ago, Mr. Morrow edited, with great affection, a volume of his essays, *Parties and Party Leaders*. Professor Olds, a round, cherubic little man, taught mathematics. In his classroom, after he had filled a blackboard with figures, Professor Olds was accustomed to step back in happy contemplation of their sheer beauty. He never knew when the hour was over, and always seemed shocked that any one should wish to leave.

Dwight's father had taught mathematics in Pittsburg. Dwight himself showed great feeling for the subject. He might very well have had a shining and creative life career as a scholar. It is characteristic of the Puritan tradition that he became a great international banker instead. There have been many occasions, however, when something of the imperturbable detachment of the mathematician has cropped out in him. Once, testifying at an inquiry into the tangled affairs of the Interborough Subway in New York, he said: "I think almost all innovations fail to accomplish the good their proponents have in mind, and fail to accomplish the harm that their opponents fear . . ."

Dwight was not particularly prominent in college activities. He was graduated Phi Beta Kappa. In his class, besides Coolidge, were Supreme Court Justice Harlan F. Stone; Bertrand H. Snell, Administration leader in the House of Representatives; Herbert L. Pratt, chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of New York. Dwight returned to Pittsburg, and finding nothing better to do, went back to running errands in the county clerk's office.

Mr. Morrow had been the delight of his Amherst professors. They encouraged him to go to Columbia Law School and the next year he did. His

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reputation as a student was noised about, and boys came to be tutored. In this way he supported himself. A number of Federal and New York state judges passed their bar examinations, years ago, principally because Mr. Morrow sat up cramming them the night before.

When he graduated from Columbia in 1898, his faithful Amherst professors set about finding him a job. Old Tom Reed, the genial, tough-minded tyrant of the House of Representatives, retired from politics that same year to form the law firm of Reed, Simpson, Thacher and Barnum. John W. Simpson was an Amherst trustee. In those days, the great New York law firms paid their young men nothing. To work for the firm was held to be sufficient reward in itself. The penniless Morrow came so highly recommended, however, that Mr. Simpson was moved to make an exception in his case.

MR. MORROW was now on his way, and he traveled with amazing rapidity. Eight years later, he became a full partner. He studied indefatigably; the more you know about a case, the easier it is to see a way to negotiate a settlement, and Mr. Morrow was extraordinarily successful in doing this. He never tried a case in court, never entered a courtroom except once or twice as advisor to other counsel. One of his clients, during this period, was a lean, insatiably ambitious man, William G. McAdoo, then head of the Hudson and Manhattan railroad.

When he had been five years out of law school, Mr. Morrow married Miss Elizabeth Cutter of Cleveland. She was a graduate of Smith College, which is nine miles from Amherst, and they had met as undergraduates. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow established their home in Englewood, where later they built a house, of white brick, and very solid and substantial, with trees, a brook and many acres. They have four children: Elizabeth; Anne—now Mrs. Lindbergh and an aviator in her own right—; Dwight, Jr., who is in preparatory school, and Constance. Mrs. Morrow has written lyric poems of great charm, as has Mrs. Lindbergh.

As soon as he went to live in Englewood, Mr. Morrow as a matter of course, began to join committees, attend meetings, help raise money. He was an educated man, and had to make himself useful. After he was internationally famous, he devoted days and weeks to the building of Englewood's armory, and to the endowing of its hospital. He framed the New Jersey workmen's compensation law, conducted an inquiry into the state institutions for Governor Walter E. Edge, now our Ambassador to Paris, and is very proud of these things.

Three partners of the House of Morgan lived in Englewood, Messrs. Davison, Cochrane and Lamont, and they also served on Englewood committees. Mr. Davison, who has since died, was boundless in his enthusiasm for Mr. Morrow. There are not many well-stored, able minds in the business world, nor anywhere else for that matter. The workings of Mr. Morrow's mind fascinated Mr. Davison. Mr. Morrow, furthermore, was an outstanding corporation lawyer and during 1912-14, the Morgan partners felt the need of a lawyer among them. This was the period of the New Haven railroad scandal, and the House of Morgan was having an uncomfortable time. When a vacancy occurred in 1914, Mr. Davison took Mr. Morrow and the present Mr. J. P. Morgan to lunch, Mr. Morrow was offered a partnership and, while still under forty-five, attained the top of the American business hierarchy.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of June 28, 1950

A farewell concert tour scheduled to begin in January, 1951, was announced last week by Mme. Schumann Heink.

Three biographies of the late Bishop James Cannon, Jr., were announced for early publication. Ex-Senator Caraway emerged from retirement long enough to accuse of "wilful and malicious lying" the authors of the three books if they suggest that the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee, of which he was chairman in 1930, granted immunity to the Bishop.

The Senator Ruth McCormick Memorial pavilion of the Illinois Foundation for Anti-British Agitation was opened Thursday with appropriate ceremonies, including an address by Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago.

To counteract the effects of the younger book publishers' price-cutting campaign, a meeting was held this week by eight old-time publishers. A statement issued after the meeting pointed out that "it is outrageous to lead the public to believe that a 512-page illustrated volume, full morocco bound, which ten years ago retailed at $1.50 can be offered today at 65 cents."

Tyler Polk Buchanan, oldest living graduate of Centretown University and sole surviving member of the class of 1872, celebrating his 100th birthday yesterday, declared his college class the worst in history. "I am ashamed," he said, "to have my name connected with it in any way."

THE WAR came in 1914, bringing immense banking problems with it, and Mr. Morrow had his share in the solution of these. In 1917, the American army went to France. Against the desires of the Allied High Command, President Wilson was determined that our army should be maintained as a separate entity, and in order to do this, it was necessary to organize a separate supply service. All the shipping afloat at that time was under charter to the Allies, and the Allies did not want to give any of it up. Mr. Morrow was sent to Europe to carry on extremely delicate, secret negotiations. He was successful, and for this received the Distinguished Service Medal.

Mr. Morrow remained abroad for some time as advisor to General Pershing. He wore no uniform, and shuttled between the American GHQ at Chaumont and Paris, and between Paris and London, a little, inconspicuous figure—one of the few, in those turbulent, wasteful days, who got things done.

With Mr. Frank Vanderlip, Mr. Morrow conceived the idea of War Savings Stamps, and went up and down New Jersey urging people to buy them. It was an extremely valuable idea, but not especially stirring nor heart-lifting. In a speech immediately after the War, Mr. Morrow told how he believed a shaken and distracted world could be saved. He said: "The hero of that enterprise will be the plain, old-fashioned man who spends less than he produces, and thus creates the fund without which all of the plans for the restoration of Europe must come to naught. He may be rich, or he may be poor . . . but he must be a saver." This also was valuable and true, the truth almost nobody wants to hear.

AFTER THE WAR, Mr. Morrow headed an economic mission to Cuba, where the world-wide, post-war collapse of sugar prices had caused a revolution and the possibility of armed American intervention. Mr. Morrow made friends of the victorious General Zayas, and his successor, General Machado; it was his first introduction into Latin American problems, he was one of the first of our envoys to treat the Latin Americans with great seriousness and respect, and he was very successful.

Then President Harding died on the Pacific coast with startling suddenness, and Vice-President Coolidge found himself pushed into a position of bewildering importance. Mr. Coolidge had few friends, no group of competent advisors.

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Mr. Morrow was asked to visit at the White House on week-end after week-end. In the Wilson administration, he had known Mr. McAdoo, now he was at the center of the whole government.

Mr. Morrow's first public post of national importance was the chairmanship of the Aviation Inquiry Board of 1926. Colonel Billy Mitchell had aroused the country with stories of our lack of airplanes and had predicted great fleets of modern bombers flying from Japan and England to lay waste our cities. From the Administration's viewpoint, the essential thing was to calm people's fears. Mr. Morrow succeeded in conducting one of the dullest investigations ever held, despite Colonel Mitchell's fiery testifying. His final report remarked soberly: "We find there is no airplane capable of making a trans-oceanic flight now in existence . . ."

Mr. Morrow was the donor, at about this period, of "Thunderbolt," Mr. Coolidge's electric horse, which, as you may recall, saved the oats of the White House stable.

Three years ago, Mr. Morrow resigned his partnership in the House of Morgan to become Ambassador to Mexico. A Morgan partnership is generally assumed to be worth $1,000,000 a year. It was announced that Mr. Morrow was going to Mexico simply because he "wished to be of service."

Mr. Morrow's enemies—or rather the enemies of the order of things for which he stands, for he has almost no personal enemies—judged this statement hypocritical. They said Mr. Morrow was going to Mexico because the House of Morgan had interests there, that Mr. Morrow had political ambitions, that he hoped to be nominated for the presidency.

This is not just. Mr. Morrow was acting in our best national tradition. George Washington was the richest man of his time. The members of the Continental Congress were, most of them, great land-owners. They preached liberty and equality, fought for human rights, and they squeezed their tenants and kept all the honors and emoluments of the new nation carefully within their own group. Yet they were not conscious hypocrites. It is a misuse of words to call them hypocrites at all, or to say they did not wish to be of service.

It should be said, also, in fairness to Mr. Morrow that the interests of the House of Morgan in Mexico were not, relatively, very great, nor had Mr. Morrow, because of his Morgan connections, much hope of a political career. Mr. Morrow's advisors are now said to think that his chances for the presidency have improved. He is no longer thought of as a merely rich man. Independent inquiries recently made in the insurgent Middle West indicate that his advocacy of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would be his severest handicap, and opinions disagree whether this would be insurmountable. However, it can be stated on the best authority that Mr. Morrow does not dream of opposing Mr. Hoover in 1932, and 1936 is a long way off.

MR. MORROW, for the purposes of his Senatorial campaign, most observers agree, need not have come out flatly for repeal. Very likely, in the next few years, his courage will prove to have been excellent politics. Mr. Morrow apparently belongs to that invincible group of people who obey their consciences implicitly, and whose consciences never betray them.

Mr. Morrow's now famous prohibition speech, as well as anything else, gives the measure of his uniqueness as a politician. There was no "on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other," and there was no riding forth to do battle. Mr. Morrow, in his library in Englewood, had studied and read books, he was only concerned to set forth his findings in the simplest terms. "The question of prohibition which has agitated the public mind for several years," he read, "has confused a moral principle with the art of government." Mr. Morrow was anxious to get the thing settled. "I have tried," he read, "to avoid the words 'wet' and 'dry'."

At the Washington Disarmament Conference, in 1921, a small, informal dinner was given to Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr Wells is also a very wise man; he painted a very dark picture of the world. Mr. Morrow spoke extemporaneously. Intellectually he could agree with Mr. Wells, but emotionally—and this is the secret of Dwight Morrow and Dwight Morrow's tradition—he could not.

Mr. Morrow spoke about England because Mr. Wells just before him had talked of England, but he might have included all Europe and the old world. "We are better than England," said Mr. Morrow, "just as new things are better than old things, just as a child is better than its parents, just as hope is better than history."

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 350)

Paris[5], very strange was the reception given to Catherine West when she went to visit her invalid cousin in that well known capital. Jeanne, the maid, and Eduardo, the butler, tried to keep her out of the sickroom, and it was evident even to the amazingly guileless Catherine that they were up to something pretty sinister. Of course, if she had had a little more sense she would have spoken out in the first place, and then she'd have avoided that crack over the head, and her cousin wouldn't have been murdered. But then, of course, there wouldn't have been any story. And it's a good story, well written, and with lots of breathless suspense. We note no errors in grammar, which alone makes it different from the usual run of thrillers. Incidentally it's one of those dollar books you've been hearing about. ✍ ✍ ✍ *The Green Ribbon*[6] by Edgar Wallace is the tale of an illicit betting combine organized for the purpose of giving tips on horse races. The outfit, which is called Trigger's Transactions, is run by four men—the villainous Elijah Goodie, Dr. Blanter, a professional backer, Mr. Rustum, an ex-lawyer, and Josiah Trigger, an amusing foil to his more sinister associates. Edna Gray, one time stenographer and later heiress to a large fortune, returns to occupy Longhall, her country estate, near London. She finds the tenant who rents Gillywood Farms, an adjoining cottage, to be Elijah Goodie, Blue Ribbon Trigger's trainer. This villainous gentleman is unwilling to depart at the expiration of his lease and he offers a large sum for the property. Shrieks in the night, an unsuspected opening in the haunted Perrywig Caves and a rat infested cottage play havoc with Edna's nerves. Just when they have reached the breaking point, Inspector Luke of Scotland Yard, with whom she has a slight acquaintance, smells a rat and brings his watch dogs who drop in just in the nick of time. Wallace fans will not be disappointed. ✍ ✍ ✍ A new volume which has recently been added to the Carnegie Peace Foundation's Economic and Social History of the World War is called *Food Supply in Russia During the World War*[7]. The book was edited by P. B. Struve and published by Yale University Press.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.

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With Our Readers

Exploiting Sex

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *San Francisco*

SIR—Mr. Bernarr Macfadden and his literature have long been pet aversions of mine, and I was delighted to know that the attitude of your magazine towards him coincides with mine. Allene Talmey's article was interesting and to the point. Having been a teacher in the public schools for a number of years, I had excellent opportunity to observe the reading habits of my pupils, and I found that these publications were read extensively by a large percentage of junior and senior high school students. The effect of reading such trash on their plastic minds was, to me, rather alarming, especially to the more precocious pupils for it overstimulates their imaginations and develops an unwholesome attitude towards sex, crime and all the variety of emotions these youngsters would normally know nothing of for years. As the exploitation of any one thing, concrete or abstract, tangible or intangible, cannot be altogether good even for a mature, well balanced adult, such reading matter for these boys and girls, that our public schools are trying so vainly to train into happy, useful men and women, must be most detrimental.

I am reminded of the old story of the woman who found it necessary to leave her family of small children by themselves for awhile. Upon her departure, she cautioned them of all the things they must and must not do, among them being the admonition not, upon any account, to put beans up their noses. Of course, never having heard of this particular form of vice and thinking it must at least be interesting if it were prohibited, all the children proceeded to stuff their little noses full of beans as soon as their mother left. By the time she returned, the beans had swelled and all the children were crying pitifully. So it is with Bernarr and his thirteen publications; he suggests every irregularity under the sun, and these poor misguided children set out at once to improve upon the original story. It seems to me that more of the laxity of morals among our young people of today is prompted by these publications than by bad movies and bad liquor.

KATHERINE B. PEAVY.

Nobody Loves a Fat Man

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York City*

SIR—I have read with keenness the article of Mr. Mazur about the tariff, in the June 18th issue of the Outlook. Since I agree so fully with what Mr. Mazur says I am wondering whether you could not get some equally clear article on the other side of the question. Somebody must want the new tariff. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for Congress to pass it.

PAUL WISWALL.

Suggestion

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Newton Highlands, Mass.*

SIR—May I offer a word of appreciation of a feature that you inherited from the Independent, "Remarkable Remarks"? An acquaintance with them extending over some years, impels me to the modest suggestion that you append to each series of "Remarks" the refrain of that once famous poem about the stuffed owl, which runs, "And the barber kept on shaving."

F. L. WELLS.

One-Track Minds

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Iowa City*

SIR—I was very puzzled when I first read in your June 11th issue, the article entitled, "Mass Production of Ph.D's!" by Edgar W. Knight, Ph.D. (Columbia, 1913). It seemed almost impossible to me that any one could be so well acquainted with the present situation in our colleges, as Dr. Knight so obviously is, and not see even a gleam of hope anywhere but in the uncertain future. Had I not attended a few colleges myself, his forcefully written article would have made me believe that the country was bound straight to hell because most college professors have not had courses in education.

But when I discovered that Dr. Knight had been teaching education in colleges since 1913 the entire situation seemed a little clearer. Will you please ask Dr. Knight for me if he has ever encountered during his long and successful teaching career that most ridiculous example of the one-track mind—the college professor who thinks those who have had no work in his department of learning are utterly incompetent nincompoops better never to have been born? There are such people, you know.

DE YEA N. CORSON.

Charge of Slander

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Frankfort, Ky.*

SIR—On page 181 of your issue of June 4th, Frank A. Fall, under the sub-caption of "Just as Good," has this to say concerning substitution: "If a grocer plays the game of substitution on you, the results may not be far-reaching. If the druggist does it in filling a prescription (and this has happened in literally thousands of cases) it may mean serious illness or even death to you or a member of your household."

I have been a dispensing pharmacist for almost fifty years, and by association I know the policy and the practice of druggists in my own state and also those of a majority of the other states, and I know that the statement that there are "literally thousands of cases" of substitution in filling prescriptions is wholly unwarranted by the facts. Cases of substitution in dispensing are practically unknown in present day pharmacy. The slightest investigation upon the part of the writer would have shown him that his statement is a base slander upon a worthy profession.

J. W. GAYLE.

Charge of Dishonesty

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Wilkesbarre*

SIR—I have been a reader of your magazine for a long time, and up to the past few months I could always understand you, but I must confess you are following a course now that has me guessing. For example, you hand out a lot of good advice to the wets in your issue of June 11th and wind it up with the admonition, "Be courageous. Be honest. Be loyal. Vote wet." I think that the majority of the wets are following your advice in everything except "Be Honest" and you are not doing that yourself.

First, you say that crime is more prevalent than before, that speakeasies and other forms of vice are making their appearance side by side with our civilization, etc. and that the law is not being enforced as it should be on account of the dry law. Let us look things in the face as they are, let us be honest. The Wilkesbarre *Record* May 15, 1905 had the following item. "Rev. Griffin of St. Aloysius church, Lee Park, called attention on Sunday to the many dens of iniquity and speakeasies in that section." This, mind you, in the year of our Lord, 1905, and during the reign of the saloon and wet laws. Again, the passage of the excise tax in 1794 brought on the so-called "whiskey rebellion" and President Washington had to call for volunteers to put it down. Please note that it was put down, because in those days we had Presidents, and Governors that enforced the laws.

Second, you say this dry law is not being enforced and that other laws are. Let us see. Some time ago the head of the New York Police Department said that of 288 murders in that city there were only two arrests made, and for some hundred or more bombs thrown in Chicago, not a single arrest was made. The recent crime survey in Missouri showed that there were 13,444 major crimes committed in St. Louis and only 964 arrests. In Illinois we have in 1926 the total of 130 gang murders and only one arrest; in Chicago 12,543 felonies committed and 394 arrests made.

Way back in the time of President Cleveland's second administration in his message to Congress he called attention to the increase in crime, and asked for legislation to relieve the courts of the congestion that was the result, and still this was before any dry law was enacted.

Now be honest; you know as well as any one that there is no middle road in this matter. When you let down the bars for beer and so-called light wines, you know that whiskey will be sold and that the old time saloon will come back.

THOMAS M. STREET.

Wet or Temperate

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Mount Sterling, Ohio*

SIR—Your editorial in June 11th, noted, but why spoil it by using wet when you mean temperate for the actor, or temperance for the act? To me wet means liquor to any extent and without restraint and I'm not a wet nor will I vote for wetness. I am for temperance, but not in a desert. Your use of the word can only repel many in small towns and in the country (and more in the city than you realize) while if you used the proper word, they would be won over. Wet suggests saloons. As ex-Governor Cox said last week in a speech, he prefers present prohibition to saloons, and wants temperance. I am not a dry as to others. You rant about the fanatics among the prohibitionists, but they alone removed the saloons, although they may not have used the best or the final methods. In voting I prefer them to the wets who never could be trusted, for I remember the old wet days. Use the correct words and descriptions, and win for your side.

PAUL HILDEBRANT.

This Seems to Miss the Point

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

SIR—Thanks for the excellent story, "Those Dirty Crooks," by Jack Knowles, in a recent issue of your magazine. It should do an immense amount of good if it reaches the right people, and I feel it will in the majority of your readers.

I hope each wet and drinking dry who reads it will take at least five minutes to realize just what his share has been in bringing about such deplorable conditions as are described in the story. If it were not for his and his fellow drinkers' uncontrolled appetite or his desire to be smart, we should never have the problems presented by Knowles, Chuck, et al.

The story shows perfectly just what the scofflaws have done and are doing to the country. Such stories should be very stimulating to those in favor of strict enforcement.

IDA WHITE PARKER.

Gentlemanly Drinking

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Vineland, N. J.*

SIR—May I through your columns call the attention of Mr. Edgar Simpson to the fact that insurance companies do not expect those who drink alcoholic liquors to live as long as those who do not. Insurance companies make many mistakes in individuals but few or none in averages. Perhaps Mr. Simpson's dozen nonogenarians reached their age in spite of their drinking. Perhaps my nonogenarian friends lived on in spite of their abstinence. My belief from long observation is that moderate drinkers do not live as long as abstainers. Drinking of alcoholic beverages loosens the tongue, inhibits all self-restraint and is accepted as a valid excuse for behavior which under other conditions would not be condoned even with the most abject apology. It induces degeneration in many vital tissues and organs. No one can give way to excesses, alcoholic or otherwise, and retain his best judgment, his poise, his self-restraint, his equanimity. Some one recently stated that there is in this country no such thing as gentlemanly drinking. Gentlemen and ladies either abstain or drink to excess. The dominating thought seems to be that of the poet who wrote as nearly as I can remember:

"I burn my candle at both ends,
It will not last the night,
But oh my foes and oh my friends
It gives a wondrous light."

EDWIN H. VAN DEUSEN.

England Goes A-Wooing

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Loreburn, Canada*

SIR—"But I am going to make you like me—make you love me." T. R. Ybarra, page 464, your issue March 19, 1930.

Volumes have been written in the dear old U. S. A. on John Bull—most writers refer to John Bull as England. England is a lovely country, a wealthy country, a poor country, a dominating bully, a tender protector of weaker states or what have you according to the bias of whatever writer is writing, and foreign writers brand the U. S. A. in a similar manner.

As a son of Scotland, now Canadian, I suggest more writers use the name Great Britain and

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MOUNTAIN VIEW HOTEL
and cottages Rangeley Lake, Maine. A refined comfortable hotel in the heart of the most beautiful lake in the forest regions in Maine. Every indoor and outdoor sport. Thoughtful cuisine. No hay fever. Special rates for July. Write for booklet. H. LINCOLN NORTH, Prop., P. O. Mountainview, Maine.

THE HOMESTEAD
Bailey Island, Maine
Easily reached from Portland by Casco Bay steamer or motor over bridge—connected islands to the point farthest out to sea. Booklet.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE
A quiet, cozy little House by the sea. Open June 28. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 26th season.

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On Cape Cod, Falmouth Heights, Mass. Situated top of hill, water on 3 sides. Ample verandas. Cool breeze. Good food. Private baths. ALAN D. CRAIG, Manager.

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By air, rail or highway — here's convenience and a cordial welcome for modern travelers. At Copley Sq., Back Bay Station, $3—$5.
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LENOX, MASS.
In the beautiful Berkshires
June 20th to October 15th
Equipment and service that appeal to persons of refinement
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Winter Resort:
Princess Hotel, Bermuda.

Hotels and Resorts

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BEMIS CAMPS
OVERLOOKING KIMBALL LAKE.
Why not spend your vacation or weekends in this beautiful section of the White Mountains? Canoeing, swimming, fishing, tennis, golf, horseback riding, mountain climbing. Nights around the campfire. Private cabins among the pines. No hay fever. Reduced rates for July.
H. C. BEMIS, South Chatham, N. H.

A Charming New England Resort
CHASE'S-ON-LAKE SUNAPEE
In the Lake and Mountain Region

Thoroughly modern in its appointments. Golf and horseback riding nearby—boating, bathing, fishing. Fresh vegetables, milk and cream from our own farms.
A DELIGHTFUL FAMILY HOUSE
Anna Chase, P. O. Georges Mills, N. H.

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KILKENNY LODGE and Cottages. In the Adirondacks at Elizabethtown, N. Y. Excellent food—moderate prices—most exceptional place between New York and Montreal. Our grounds adjoin Cobble Hill Golf course. Address Stanley S. Kilkenny.

QUIET RETREAT for few cultured people. Modern, comfortable home. Best food. Rates moderate.—Writers, professional people are keen about "Ben Ayr," Warwick, Orange County, N. Y.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS, THE CRATER CLUB
ESSEX-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN, N. Y.
Cottages without housekeeping cares. Excellent table. Moderate prices. Social references required. Send for circular.

MOHICAN-HOUSE SABBATH DAY POINT On Lake George, N. Y.
The ideal spot, tennis, bathing, dancing, saddle horses. Illustrative Booklet.

"ROADS END" On Lake Sacandaga
"Where the Trails Begin"
Adirondacks
A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N.Y.

New York City

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.
Rooms With Bath
Single—$3—$3.50—$4
Double—$5—$6—$7
Evening dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
for comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home".

Hotel Wentworth
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The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

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THE MANHATTAN HOTEL
DIGBY, N. S.
First class in every respect 75 sleeping rooms overlooking the Bay. Only European plan hotel in Digby. (Write for booklet.)

Rhode Island

THE MASSASOIT HOTEL
Overlooking Atlantic Ocean. Select family hotel. Unexcelled cuisine and service at moderate prices. Bathing, Fishing, Golf, Polo, Tennis. Rooms single or en suite with, without private bath. Motorists solicited. C. CARTER BRYANT, Manager.

PLIMPTON HOTEL
WATCH HILL, R. I.
Bathing, Dancing and all Outdoor Sports
WILLARD A. SENNA, Manager

Vermont

Chester, Vt. **THE MAPLES** Delightful
summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. The Misses Sargeant.

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Half way between Cody and Yellowstone Park, on famous Cody road, surrounded by Shoshone Forest Reserve. Altitude nearly 6,000 ft. Large, airy and sunny rooms, hygienic plumbing system, bathrooms with running hot and cold water. 16-day horseback camping trips through Yellowstone Park for adults and children. Trout fishing in North Fork of Shoshone River bounding ranch. Open all year. Booklet. Address all communications to FRED J. RICHARD, Cody, Wyoming.

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Real Estate

Ohio

FOR SALE—Colonial cottage with antiques. 6 rooms, good condition. Two and two-thirds acres land includes several desirable lots. E. H. MEAD, Owner, Windham, Ohio.

Maine

BOYS' CAMP FOR SALE
Tidewater—Maine
Equipped for 75, will be operated this season. Chance for man interested to enter camp business. Can bring party this year and share profits. Rated high. Write 5,347, Outlook.

Real Estate

New York

FOR SALE—WESTCHESTER HILLS—100 year old Colonial house. 14 rooms, 2 baths. Annex, 4 rooms, 1 bath. Hilltop 2 acre front, 2 car garage. One hour from Grand Central. One mile to stations. Spacious porches. Oil burner for heat and hot water. Electric light, cooking gas. Phone Pleasantville 514 or write Box 316, Pleasantville, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE
55 minutes from New York. 29 acres, 8 room house, city water, electricity and gas, barn, poultry house. Price $12,000. Terms to suit. AMERICAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATES, 105 East Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Board

WILL TAKE one or two boys for the summer, individual attention. Have a nice camp for rent. Eastern Montana. Ideal place for rest and quiet. 9476 Outlook and Independent.

Help Wanted

WANTED—at once—a Protestant woman, strong and well, with ability to cook and to teach girls cooking, to take full responsibility of kitchen department in Girls' Home, private institution—western New York. Must be refined and capable, executive ability. 9504 Outlook and Independent.

Situations Wanted

LADY, congenial, refined, as companion to elderly woman or semi-invalid. Would like to travel. 9502 Outlook and Independent.

A REFINED and educated young gentlewoman would like travelling position in exchange for expenses. Intelligent care of children or secretarial companion. 9503 Outlook and Independent.

CLERGYMAN, 72, recently resigned from long pastorate, graduate of Richmond College and Cobb Divinity School, conversant with Latin, Greek and Hebrew, accuracy a lifetime habit, good penman, author of numerous articles for religious periodicals, partially deaf, efficiency in pulpit unimpaired, desires preaching engagements or other employment. Address in care of Prof. Sidney Cox, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.

REFINED, Protestant woman desires position to assist in light household duties. Small compensation. References exchanged. 9506 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED, educated woman, one with lifelong experience with children, desires position as governess or mother's helper. Willing to travel or live in the country. References exchanged. 9507 Outlook and Independent.

CULTURED young woman, college graduate, wants interesting position. Anxious to travel. On staff of U of M for two years. Dietetic and Child Guidance training. Excellent references. 9508 Outlook and Independent.

Graphologist

IT IS PRUDENT to take personal inventory periodically. Graphology impartial. Send handwriting. Analysis $1.00. Miss Florence Lyon, Box 286, Quincy, Mass.

Let me read your character from handwriting, $1.00. Problems discussed, $5.00. French-American method. 135 East 15th Street, Oklahoma City, Okla. EUGENIE de BERG.

Mart of the Unusual

HAND HOOKED MATS for antique tables, eight inch squares or ovals, $1.75. State colors preferred. Larger sizes made on order in my village home—experienced art teacher. 1343 Outlook and Independent.

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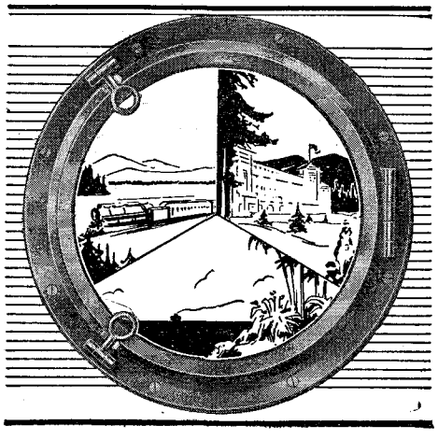
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



America's National Parks

Special summer rates are again offered from May 15th to October 31st for National Park Tours. ¶ A wealth of beauty beckons . . . Zion and Bryce . . . Yellowstone—Rocky Mountain Park . . . Glacier and Ranier . . . Yosemite and Grand Canyon. ¶ Snow-capped peaks . . . many formed like huge granite walls—shading from gray to pink and rose. ¶ Canyons . . . Mountain-trails and Mountain Streams teeming with fish. ¶ Dude Ranches and luxurious hotels in colorful gardens. ¶ A great and mighty country—this America . . . so full of grand scenery that it makes the heart ache for expression. ¶ Write us for complete details on these or any other travel plans.

EVA R. DIXON *Director*

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 358)

not England. There are not many Scots left in comparison to the total population of Great Britain, but, boy, they're there and how!

Honestly, do you know of any greater country? Trace her mistakes through the centuries, her defeats, her victories, her business triumphs and misfortunes from Magna Charta on; look at the map and compare her size with other countries, make any comparison you wish, then stand aside as a national, and take an international viewpoint, and answer the question, "Do you know of any greater country—in any line of endeavor—peace or war, business or pleasure, law or lawlessness?"

. . . I like the United States, I'll always remember the Halifax disaster and how quickly Uncle Sam came to our help, I know her soul and heart are good, but her laws are not enforced, some of them—such as the prohibition law—because common sense is against them. You are a new country, ready to adopt any "ism," any new freak notion which a minority of cranks put over on you in a moment of enthusiasm. There's your great national weakness, as well as a part of your great strength, your enthusiasm, but there will come a time when you will be really great and that will be when you curb your enthusiasm and use discretion and conservatism as your advisers.

Floyd Gibbons makes a great song about our troubles in India when he broadcasts his nightly world news each evening. He is very interesting and intensely human, but he needn't worry so hard about India; twenty-seven killed in a population of 300,000,000 isn't a large proportion; *many more white men are killed in little* local strikes in the U. S. A. and Chicago is a good runner up in murders, etc. Great Britain must keep India a while longer, not for the wealth of India or her rich British merchant princes, but for the poor, the needy, the thriftless, the caste system, the oppression of the poor by their nabobs, etc., for the sake of the Indian himself, on the grounds of humanity or the "white man's burden." I believe Great Britain has a work to do in India, a divine task, which when completed will make of that vast herd of black humanity a great nation and a friend of the white man.

A. T. TURNER

Compliment

To the Editor of the *Port Angeles, Wash.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I became a reader of the Outlook quite by accident, two years ago. It has proved to be a happy accident, however, for we await its arrival each week with great interest.

I admire its honesty and like it for its concise presentation of a variety of subject matter. It seems to me that it is admirably suited to the needs of people who have neither the leisure nor means to devote to more extensive reading.

This outburst of approval is prompted particularly by the fine editorial appearing in the issue of May 14th. Your stand on prohibition seems courageous in the face of so much militancy and self-righteousness from the other side. May I then join the increasing number of people who thank you for your part in attempting a solution of this great problem?

CARYL H. MCGEE.

Bouquet

To the Editor of the *Milwaukee*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—This is to let you know that I am thoroughly in accord with your editorial position with respect to prohibition.

I commend the Outlook highly on the stand which it has taken. Among those with whom I have discussed the Outlook editorials the feeling is favorable toward your attitude without exception.

A. W. SEILER

Dumbbell Editors

To the Editor of the *Cincinnati*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—It is a sad commentary upon human evolution that the latest prohibition poll shows that the majority of newspaper editors are fond of Volsteadism. They want *more of it, they say.* And it's 1930 A. D.

Every thinking person knows that communities are no better intellectually than their newspaper editors. If the editor is a "wooden head" and very proud of it, then so is the community. If he, after more than a decade of feudalism, failed to witness the former stationary and fixed saloon evolve into an ambulating and migratory booze repository, then his readers are more to be pitied than censured.

A successful editor should be a free-thinker! That is a banner of distinction. What is thought if it is not free? The mind is not a fortress of dogma; it is a laboratory of ideas. Until the present low cultural level of newspaper editors is materially raised, our black garbed politicians and the simple minded, perverted sentimentalists will continue to strangle this stuff we call civilization.

GEORGE H. HALLER.

World Peace

To the Editor of the *Kansas City*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—It seems to me that the various plans for world peace have not completely covered the ground. As long as there is profit to be gained from war, there is too much possibility of it. If the nations of the world would bind themselves to exact from their respective citizens all profits made during war years greater in amount by ten per cent than the profit of the last peace year, a formidable obstacle to peace would be removed.

I believe also, that it should be made a punishable offense to obliterate or alter any diplomatic document which would tend to trace the source of a war.

ROSS H. LATSHAW.

What Chance?

To the Editor of the *Kenton, Ohio*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—If you think that there is even a remote chance for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, just get a copy of the "Voice" of the Methodist Church and see how futile any such hope really is.

OBSERVER

Which World?

To the Editor of the *Rochester, N. Y.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I might state that as a "magazine of opinion" I find you no more opinionated than you have always been, but in decidedly different directions than before. As to whether you are better than before—well, that is a matter of opinion. However, I do think a lot of what you write is based on false premises of fact. I wonder if the world in which I live—and it's a very active world—is the same one your terribly indignant article writers inhabit.

N. M. PERRINS

Congratulations

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—I wish to offer you my congratulations upon the stand your magazine has taken in regard to the prohibition question.

With sincere hopes that you will continue the fight—

AUSTIN GAVIN, JR.

Our Benign Influence

To the Editor of the *Kinderhook, N. Y.*
Outlook and Independent:

SIR—"Those Dirty Crooks" is a whale or wail, I don't know which. No magazine can claim refinement or respectability that publishes such stuff. I suggest that you combine with the Police Gazette which, to say the least, is more respectable than what is becoming voiced and known nowadays as the "Dirty Outlook."

I am neither wet nor dry and open to conviction, but your breed of wet cats will drive old soaks to drinking soda pops. You are a disgrace to all decent people, but your aim is to circulate the "Dirty Outlook" throughout the speakeasies.

E. B. TOEDT.

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